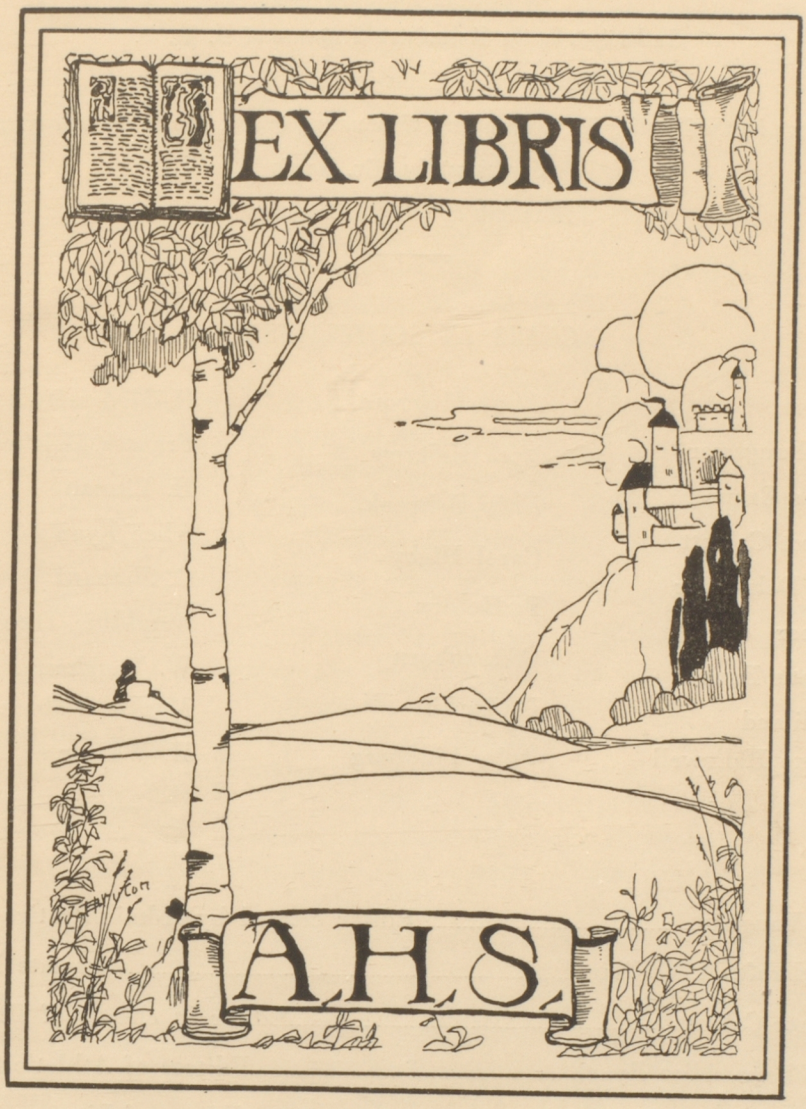
ACORN

Dec. 1915

Vocational Number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A.H.S.

The Acorn

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Alameda High School

Term July-December, 1915

The Faculty

Subjects Taught and Number in Classes

Dr. George C. Thompson, Principal.....Enrollment 644

Miss Abernethy.....Metal 29, Freehand Drawing 29, Decoration 14, History of Art 12

Mr. Agard.....Literature and Composition 48, Study 140, Novel 21, Journalism 27, Drama 21

Miss Berg.....Study 152, Latin 22, Literature and Composition 122

Miss Blacow.....Sewing 42, Costume 7, Textiles 3, Millinery 30

Mr. Carpenter.....Electric Wiring 20, Arithmetic 25, Elementary Physics 15, Applied Mechanics 10

Mr. Chourre.....Mechanical Drawing 30, Forge and Drawing 46

Mr. Coan.....European History 26, American History 72

Miss Connelly.....General History 28, European History 97, Library 10

Mr. Daniels.....Latin 114

Miss Du Bois.....Algebra 151

Miss Dyer.....Botany 51, Zoology 23, Hygiene 19, Study 154

Mr. Evans.....Stenography 54, Penmanship 66, Commercial Law 17, Bookkeeping 144

Miss Garretson.....French ~~30~~ 50, German 25, Study 132

Miss Hair.....Commercial English 32, Typing 81, Office Practice 7

Mrs. Hallett.....Bank 2, Arithmetic 55, School Secretary

Miss Haworth.....Geometry 83, Solid Geometry 11, Study in Room 37

Miss Hewett.....Household Chemistry 15, Geometry 22, Physical Geography 12 Algebra 40

Miss McDermott.....History of Music 8, Choral 31, Harmony 7

Mr. Minium.....Physics 39, Chemistry 74

Miss Neale.....English Literature and Composition 144, Study 145

Miss Oehlmann.....German 65, German Conversation 11, Study 140

Mrs. Partch.....Typing 126, Stenography 31, Office Appliances 13

Mr. Phelps.....Manual Training and Pattern Making 42

Mr. Rittler.....Athletics for Boys and Girls

Miss Schloss.....Cooking 42, Household Expenditure 12

Mr. Smith.....English 124, Economics 14, Study 200

Miss Tornoe.....Instrumental Drawing 33, Freehand Drawing 45

Miss Venard.....Spanish 103

The Acorn of December, 1915

is respectfully dedicated

to

C. J. DuFour

Superintendent of Schools

by

the Graduating Class, the Class in Journalism

and the Administrative Board

of the

Alameda High School

THE high school of yesterday was a strictly academic institution. The scope of its curriculum was limited by the entrance requirements of the leading universities and elasticity in its course of study was an unknown quantity.

During the past ten years high school education has been subjected to a closer scrutiny and its usefulness has become a theme for scholarly investigation and much intensive study.

The educator of today is no longer able to satisfy his fellows, nor indeed his own conscience, with dogmatic or visionary reasons for the teaching of subjects, for the methods employed, for the time allotment, or indeed for anything bearing upon the conduct of his school or department.

The Alameda High School has appreciably broadened both in the scope of its curriculum and in its co-ordination with the life of the community. A few years ago it was a creditable academic institution and an excellent college preparatory school. Today it stands solidly as a training school for life, taking into account not only the general intelligence that is a part of good citizenship, but the ability to earn a livelihood as well.

Courses under trained instructors are now available in manual training, millinery, dress making, cooking, nutrition, food chemistry, household expenditures, interior decorating, copper and leather work, bookkeeping, stenography, business law, commercial arithmetic, accounting, practical banking, applied mechanics, forge and foundry work, mechanical drawing, machine design, surveying, practical journalism and in other vocational and prevocational lines.

In striving to meet the economic demands of the times there has been no underrating of the educating and refining influences of subjects usually classified as cultural. Through an effective division of faculty labor a class advisory system has constantly before it the problem of properly balancing courses in the interest of broadening rather than narrowing the vision of the student.

The strength of the academic or college preparatory departments has steadily increased and the rating of our graduates attending the universities is, as it always has been, high.

A volume might be written upon "The Spirit of the Alameda High School." The atmosphere there is earnest and serene and the loyalty of faculty and student body for their school and for each other is something distinctly worthy of admiration.

My interest and belief in the Alameda High School makes my appreciation for the dedication of this volume the deeper.

—C. J. DuFour, Superintendent of Alameda Schools.

At Eleven-Forty

At Eleven-Forty

"OH, YES, the Domestic Science course in High School may be interesting, but frankly I don't think it practical. It is necessary to know how to make a good soup, prepare a roast, and make scalloped potatoes."

After a visitor had expressed her views so decidedly on the subject, I quickly made up my mind that it would be necessary to show how very practical the course in Domestic Science is, as taught in the Alameda High School.

"Well," I answered, "it certainly is nice to make cream-puffs and French pastry, but it is better to be able to cook all the every-day-things such as soup. The attractive may be combined with the practical."

"But," the visitor demurred, "is it possible to be thoroughly practical in a cooking school? This kitchen is fitted up very sensibly, I must say. However, are you ever given an opportunity to demonstrate that this work is practical at home? It is easy to cook only one thing in one day, but how about preparing a meal and serving it? You know a meal is made up of several "one things."

"This is where we have the opportunity to show that we are thoroughly practical in our work. This is our own dining-room, and as a part of our work we have to prepare and serve meals. On next Monday we are to have a luncheon at which six of the Senior girls, Miss Haworth, and a lecturer who will address the Senior girls, will be guests. Here is the menu for the luncheon with an estimate of the cost. I'll read it to you: Fruit salad .2217, dainty chips .05, peas .2165, mashed potatoes .0628, shoulder of lamb .7123, hot rolls .0529, and strawberry pudding .3109. Doesn't that sound delicious?"

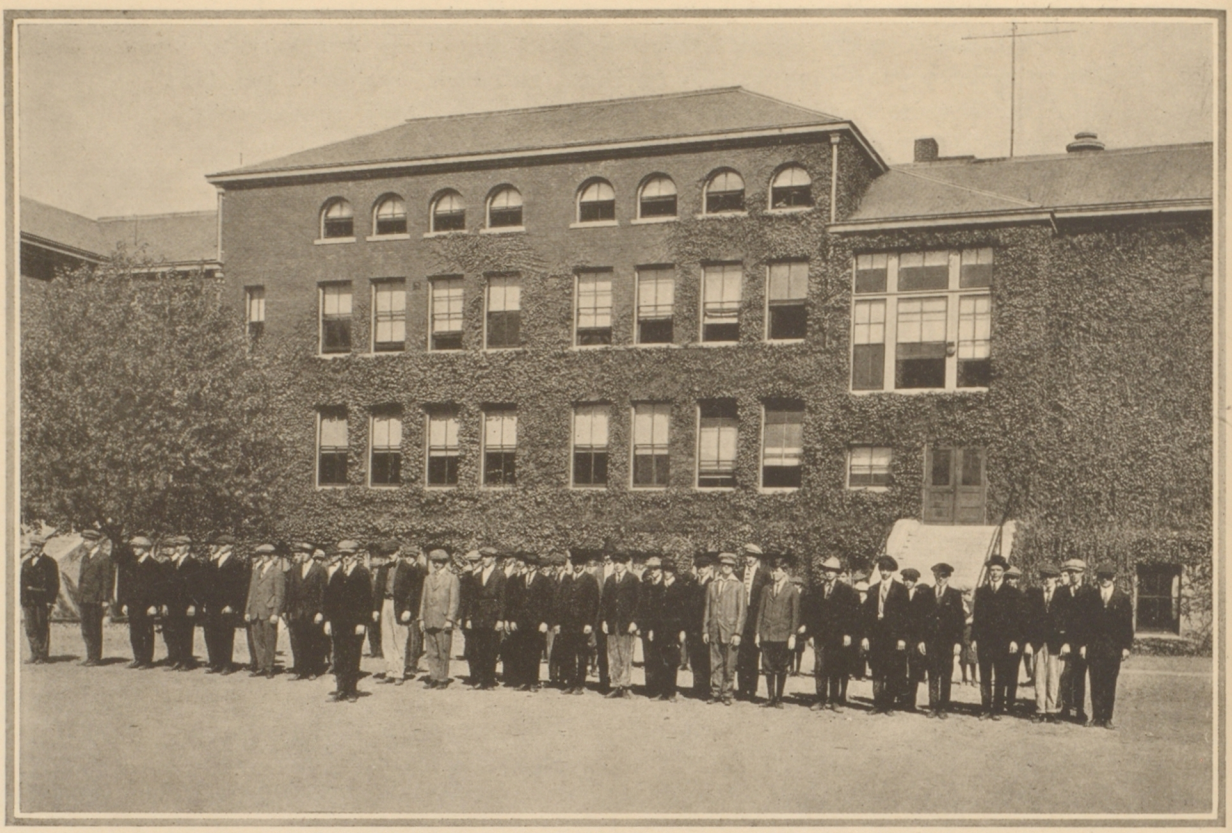
"Do you mean to say this second term class will serve a meal like that without the help of a teacher; though, of course I suppose when a great many do it, it is not so hard?"

"But all of us don't cook the dinner; that would be too easy!" I exclaimed. "You see, on different days we take turns, because the teacher says that we must learn to work alone here."

As the visitor said good-by, she remarked, "In that luncheon I cannot help but notice how well balanced the food-values are. Is that a part of your work, or was it just an accident?"

As I answered, I thought of the "exams" we have had in food-values. "Indeed, that wasn't an accident; that is just about half our work. If any one should suggest a meal made up of all starchy things or fatty things, why then she would get a red mark in that book that tells so much at the end of the quarter."

—*Alice Ryan.*



Military Officers of Alameda High School

Instructor of Cadets.....Captain C. P. Magagnos, N. G. C.
Cadet Battalion Adjutant.....First Lieutenant Lester K. Souther
Sergeant Major.....James P. Moffatt
Quartermaster of Battalion.....Second Lieutenant Walter Cramer

COMPANY A

Captain, H. Kahn; First Lieutenant, H. Adams; Second Lieutenant, M. McKimmins; First Sergeant, E. Long.

COMPANY B

Captain, F. Miles; First Lieutenant, R. Cundall; Second Lieutenant, J. Wilson; First Sergeant, G. Nordlund.

Good Americans

AS SOON as the 11:25 bell has finished ringing on every Tuesday and Friday morning, the shrill tones of Ellis Meinecke's bugle are heard above the clatter of changing classes, sounding the "Call to Arms." Thereupon all privates of the two companies make a spirited dash to the Quartermaster's Department, otherwise known as the Physics Laboratory, where each takes his numbered musket from the rack. Accompanied by frequent exhortations from sergeants and corporals, the soldiers straggle into line. After repeated commands by "non-coms" of "Squads, fall in," the ranks achieve symmetry. Then fully realizing their duties and always underestimating their lung capacities, in tones hardly sotto voce, Captain Miles and Captain Kahn exclaim as one—

"Company A, attenshun!"

"Company B, atten-shun!"

Thus, as on the opposite page, we have the two companies of Alameda High School Cadets drawn up at attention. There they stand, a proof of the energy and interest of Captain Magagnos, N. G. C., their commander and instructor. Captain Magagnos has sacrificed time from his business and given generously of his knowledge that the cadets may receive his instruction. He has been well aided by some of our student officers, notably Captain Miles, Lieutenant Souther, and Sergeant Cramer, who have drilled in the U. S. A. Student Camp.

Captain Magagnos has given practice in squad and battalion marching and the Manual of Arms. That the drill is fast becoming worth seeing is evidenced by the frequency with which the movie people have filmed the exercises. However, the captain is not content with mere yard drill; it is his intention, as military becomes established in the High School, to have all the cadets provided with uniforms such as the commissioned officers are now wearing.

There may be some pacifists who see a menace to their ideals in this new activity, and to these upholders of peace we can only point out that should need arise they may have cause to appreciate the organized efforts of the better sort of schoolboys.

Perhaps the reason for the success of military this semester is the healthy and manly attitude of the boys themselves. They have preferred discipline and exertion because they are learning and doing something which may be of value to their country. They are good Americans.

—*Coltman Shepard.*

Making Posters for the Pet Show at the P. P. I. E.

Designing Posters

"THIS is the class in Poster Designing," said the teacher to an interested mother. "Just at present the students are busy making posters for the Pet Show at the Exposition."

"What other posters do you design here besides these?" asked the visitor.

"This term we have made advertisements for the Acorn, the Orchestra Dance, the Senior Play, the two school performances, "Scenes from the Southland" and the "Park Play," and for the designing class.

"Are the students really interested in this work?"

"Indeed they are, because of the competition in developing original ideas, styles, and color schemes. In making the different posters they learn about the different mediums for drawing, such as charcoal, ink, water color paints, pastel, chalk and distemper of frescoe's paint. Few posters are made with more than three colors in order to lessen the cost of reproduction."

"Is that a copy from life?"

"Yes. The student made a sketch of a neighbor's parrot, then brought the drawing to school and enlarged and colored it here in class. Now the poster with rabbits silhouetted against the moon is not as simple as the parrot, but its charm lies in the color. As you see, the sky is purple and the moon and printing yellow. These two main colors of the drawing form the greatest possible contrast because they are complementary. The other colors so contrasted are blue and orange, and green and red. These combinations are always effective. Above all things a poster must be simple—both in wording and design. If a person looks at an intricate picture he loses the dominating idea and the advertisement is a failure. It must be held in mind that a poster is an advertisement intended to catch the eye, hold attention, and convince the reader that he wants the article advertised—and it must do these things as beautifully as they can be done. If it fails in any of these things it is neither art nor an advertisement."

"What styles of lettering do you use?"

"The lettering is a matter of great importance and we use all styles. It is absolutely necessary that the type of lettering conform to the style of the poster. If the picture is delicate, long, thin, graceful lettering should be used; but if the subject is heavy and dark, the lettering must correspond.

"A notable fact about the German posters is the substantial, compact lettering, and the bold and plain color scheme and design. Ludwig Hohlwein is the best modern German poster-maker. On the other hand, the lettering on French posters is in frailer type and more scattered. The colors are varied and the design fantastic. They contain an element of grace and are less conventional than the German style. Steinlen is the greatest French poster worker. Strangely enough, his greatest and most popular poster is an advertisement for sterilized milk. In Europe many artists of international fame do not scorn the lucrative satisfaction of poster-making." —*Margaret Calcutt.*

Making Hats for the Exhibition of Millinery

Millinery---A Practical Course

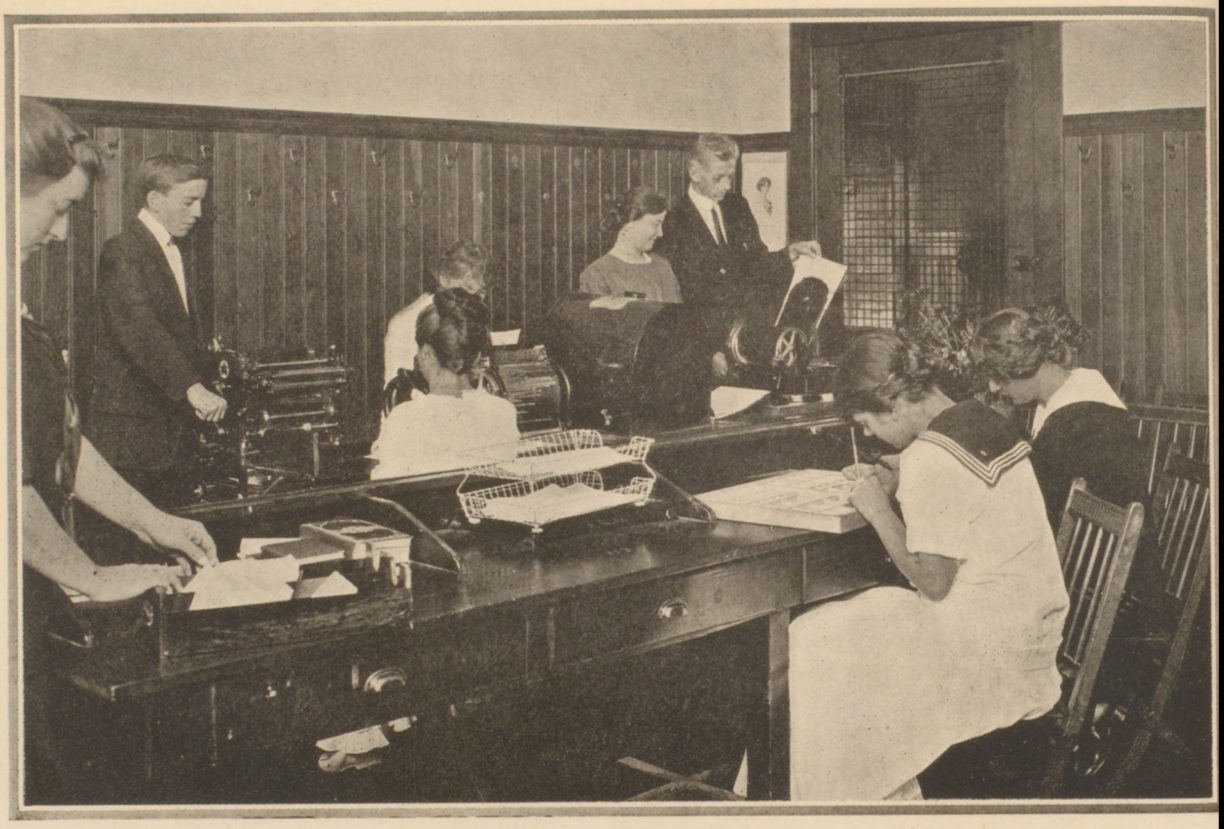
IN THE Millinery Class the first thing I made was a model hat of blue outing flannel by which I learned the different stitches necessary, such as the blind, catch, overcast and blanket stitch. I also learned to accustom my hands to use buckram and wire, and the art of covering a hat. My next step was to apply the stitches and work learned from experiment with the model hat to a hat which would fit me. I made my design, cut my pattern of heavy paper, and worked over it until the shape suited me. After the pattern was made I cut it from buckram and wired it, and bound the edges with crinoline so the wire would not wear the velvet with which I intended to cover my hat. After covering the hat, I put the necessary trimming in place and lined the crown, thus finishing my winter hat.

The next task was to make sample bows, which I fashioned from paper cambric. Although there are many kinds of bows, the types only were practiced and these were made as carefully as if of expensive ribbon. The next work was to make flowers of velvet, satin and other materials. After much experimenting I made folds and hems, which are necessary to know in order to sew two pieces of material together or to finish the brim edge of a hat. The last work of the term was braid-work, and to learn this I made a small buckram shape and covered it with silk braid.

Many pretty hats were the result of the term's work in Millinery. One of these was a brown velours of the Puritan shape with three bands of grosgrain ribbon around the side crown and a lighter brown ostrich fancy in front. Another was a large, white velvet, picture hat trimmed with brown fur, and a fur rosette with a flower in the center placed on each side. Another more simple hat was made of black taffeta underlined with rose taffeta and with a single large pink velvet rose as its only trimming. These are examples of the many pretty hats made in class.

"Is millinery a practical course?" I was asked. I consider it one of the most practical courses in the school. One learns to make hats, to choose becoming and appropriate styles to suit the wearer, the season and the occasion, and to appreciate the cost of materials, thus making possible a future economy. The cost of the hats displayed at the November Millinery Exhibit in Dr. Thompson's office ranged from $2.50 to $5.00, making an average cost of materials $3.75. In these days of arbitrary prices and quick changes in fashions one can seldom buy a suitable hat at so small a cost in even the least pretentious millinery store.

—Alma Halcrow.



Office Appliances

Mrs. Partch Explains the "Time Savers"

"THE remaining part of this period will be devoted to the explanation of some of the time savers which have recently been added to our department. Every large up-to-date business house has one or more of these common office appliances, such as the typewriter, adding machine, mimeograph, multigraph, and dictaphone.

"The mimeograph is used in connection with the typewriter. It is a device for making copies from an original copy, which is a stencil. The stencil may be either a wax one, which can be used but once, or a permanent (dermatype) stencil, which can be saved and used again for more copies. The wax stencil has a stiff backing sheet, a tissue sheet on top to keep the wax from adhering to the type, and a silk sheet placed under the wax to catch the wax cut out by the type. This is placed in the typewriter and typed on without the ribbon. It is better not to make mistakes because very often they are difficult to correct. The mimeograph is inked and the stencil placed smoothly in position. For this work we usually use mimeograph paper which is laid on the left-hand side and is fed to the machine either by hand or by the self-feeder attachment. You see the ink on the cylinder goes through the impressions on the stencil and prints on the paper. Hundreds of copies can be made by this machine."

"But what are those numbers under this glass when he turns the handle?"

"That registers the number of revolutions of the cylinder; in other words, counts the number of copies."

"This machine is a multigraph. We use this rather than the mimeograph when the copy is to be printed on letterheads and when a very large number of copies are needed. It is rather slow work to set up a letter on the multigraph, as each letter and space is placed on separately; but time is gained when the copies are printed. An inking device is attached to the machine after the type is set; and this handle is turned to pass the paper through. The work of this machine looks more like printing than does the mimeograph. You will notice this machine also has the attachment for counting the copies.

"This period is now at an end, but I think we have accomplished a great deal if we begin to know the use of the appliances we have here for office work."

—Ruby Lindberg.

Working With Copper

To Make a Copper Bowl

"WILL you show me how to make a copper bowl, Miss Abernethy?"

"Have you some sixteen-gauge metal?"

"Yes, I have a piece eight inches square."

"Very well. Cut a circle of that diameter. Weigh the copper and you will find that it weighs about two pounds, which, at the present rate, will make the bowl cost eighty cents."

"Is not this metal too heavy for a bowl?"

"No. An article requiring so much hammering needs metal a sixteenth of an inch thick on account of the great stretch it undergoes. Now, take the egg-shaped anvil, fasten it in the vise and hold your circle over the anvil, beating the metal downward over the curved edge with this wooden mallet."

"What am I to do with the fullness that comes around the rim?"

"Oh, that will disappear. Now it is necessary for you to heat your metal, place it over a sandbag and beat on the inside of the bowl with this long-necked hammer."

"Well, Miss Abernathy, this is a good hour's work. The making of a bowl is a long process, is it not?"

"Yes, it takes more physical strength than any other problem. You see the fullness is beginning to disappear now. I think it would be well to anneal the bowl, making it red hot with the flame. This is necessary to expand the pores of the metal to make it soft. Much hammering always hardens the metal."

"The bowl is coming into shape nicely, but it looks rather rough and uneven."

"The symmetry and color will be produced by surfacing with this planching hammer, which you notice has a slightly domed end. Now invert the bowl again over the egg-shaped anvil, and, starting on the edge, hammer as rhythmically as possible around the bowl in regular circles."

"I notice that the hammering is giving the bowl a rich color."

"Yes, sometimes rouge is rubbed on, giving it a reddish brown appearance; but, in time, copper will turn brown without artificial color."

"Is there to be no ornament on this shallow bowl when I finish it?"

"The charm of the bowl lies in its proportions and simplicity. Although it is possible for you to rivet some handles on, or to rivet or solder a design around the top edge, or to emboss a pattern if the bowl is large enough." This requires hammering on the inside with an embossing tool, but it is not practicable on such a small article as yours."

"Metal work is fascinating, isn't it, Miss Abernethy?"

"When the pupil sees the material result of his original ideas, he is always interested."

—*Geraldine Traphagen.*

Surveying in the School Yard

Surveying the School Yard

"6068," called Frank Estes, the Rodman, reading the leveling rod. The volunteer Surveying Class was running a line of levels around the school yard. "This screw is so worn, it won't stay adjusted,"

"That's so," replied Mr. Carpenter; "that instrument is pretty badly worn and exceptional care must be taken to keep it adjusted. Still, last year, nine students did some very good work with this instrument. They made a cross section, every twenty feet both ways, of the athletic field at McKinley Park, and made a complete map of the field showing all these elevations. They estimated the cubical contents above an assumed "datum" and computed the grading necessary to give an even slope of about one foot in a hundred. This work was so done that the amount of material removed from some high spot equaled the amount needed by some low spot, thus making the least possible work for the teamsters. After the teamsters had cut and filled, the boys laid out a 220-yard oval track. After school closed we spent a week in the foothills back of Palo Alto, and made a complete survey of a very hilly irregular ranch. A trip like that will be made part of the work if surveying is given as a regular course next term. This will be possible if, as we hope, additional equipment, such as a level and transit, are received."

"Mr. Carpenter, do you think I could get a job with a surveying party after I finish here?" asked Leslie Delamater.

"I certainly do," answered Mr. Carpenter. "When a capable student has completed a year's course, he should be able to become transitman on any surveying party. I emphasize the year's course. The first term really gives the rudiments only, while in the second term you get the real surveying. I know of one graduate of a course similar to this who went directly to the oil field and took up surveying there. I see no reason why any one of you fellows should not do the same thing. Even if you don't get work in surveying, this course will do you a world of good. The maps that you have to make give you excellent practice in mechanical drawing. The reading of the transit and leveling rod gives you fine training in accuracy, for, as you probably have found out, a slight mistake in reading gives a result totally wrong."

"There goes the bell," called August Johansen.

"Finish this leveling for tomorrow," said Mr. Carpenter, "and work the results out by Trigonometry. Tomorrow, Estes be instrument man; Townsend, rodman; and Johansen, notekeeper. Remember, the maps of the Profile Survey which you made of Walnut Street are due next Monday, and the plans from the measurements which you made of the basement and third floor of Porter school, will be due the Monday following."

—Lorin Fisher.

A Corner in the Library

The Library

"814,188—Say, what does this number on the back of this book mean?" "Why," answered the cheerful librarian, "that is its classification number in the Dewey or Decimal system by which all books are catalogued. According to this system the field of knowledge is divided into nine classes, which are numbered by the digits 1 to 9. Each class is similarly separated into nine divisions, which are divided into nine sections, and the process is repeated as often as necessary. In this case, the number 814 means: Class 8 (Literature), Division 1 (United States), Section 4 (Essays); 188 is the author's number."

"That sounds interesting," replied the inquiring pupil. "Now, how about this one." Here he picked up at random another book, which happened to be "Training for Efficiency" by Mardon. "The number on this one is 371m33."

"Well," said the library student, "the digit 3 represents Class 3 (Sociology), the digit 7 means Division 7 (Education), and the digit 1 stands for Section 1 (Teachers, Methods and Discipline). M33 is the author's number, as before."

In directing our work the teacher is very insistent on our acquiring the personal characteristics requisite to success and she also grounds us thoroughly on fundamental features of the work. First of all, each student must develop a taste for books. We should have a good general knowledge of the fields of English Literature, History, and Science. Furthermore, sympathy for human beings and an open mind ready to receive suggestions and complaints in a cheerful manner are two of the requisites for a good librarian. As library students, we must learn to be systematic, accurate, painstaking, and tactful, and we must be willing at all times cheerfully to assist those who need help.

We are taught how to use the card catalogue, are introduced to the Dewey or Decimal system, and are shown how to catalogue books and how to make out the cards for the card catalogue. The location of the various classes of books in the library is then taken up, because the librarian must be able to locate quickly any required book. The student librarians learn what books are in the library and exactly where each book is located, and then set about to gain a general knowledge of the contents of these books. The proper manner of handling and caring for library books is also considered. Throughout the course we are constantly considering its various features.

Twenty-six hundred carefully selected reference books are in our High School Library, and these range from the classic to current literature. In addition to these, government and state reports and several current magazines are received regularly by the Library. With its present equipment and corps of workers, the Library is in a position to be of great service to the students of the High School by supplying them with good reference books and opening to their vision the field of good literature.

—*Charles Adams.*

Electric Wiring

Electric Wiring

IN HOPES of reaching boys who would not otherwise enter our High School, new and practical courses have been introduced. Among these is the course in Electric Wiring. Many boys after leaving Grammar School enter shops as apprentices to learn certain trades. Here, it is a case of the boy shifting for himself, because those about him have their own work to do and are not eager to stop and show a beginner methods that make for economy and good workmanship. So one purpose in having these different courses is that boys may gain a fair knowledge of a trade where there are people willing to show and help and to point out the right and wrong. Some pupils in our school are still unsettled as to future occupation. By having these practical courses introduced and accessible for experimentation they may find just what has been sought.

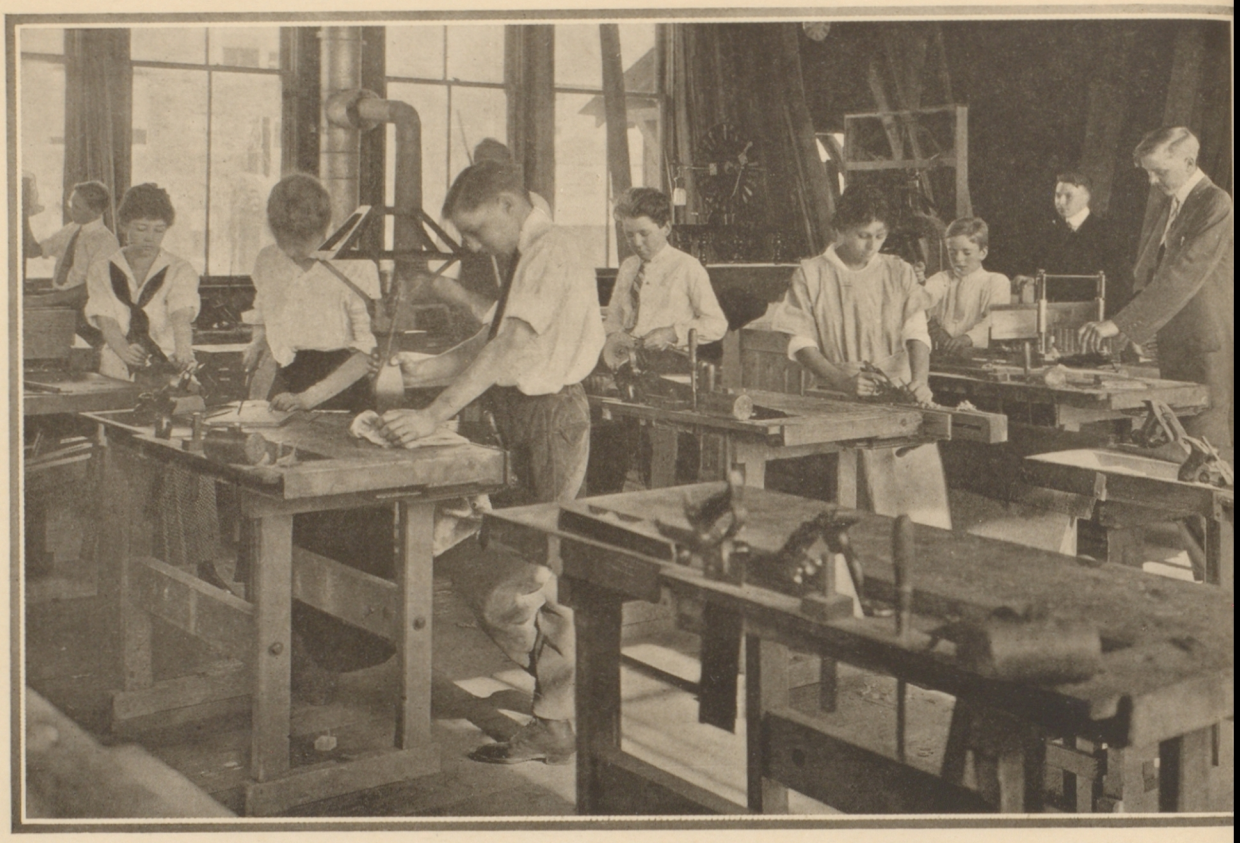
The first term of the year might really be called House Wiring. Novices have a regular scantling frame-work as seen in the picture, on which to do work just such as any regular electrician would do in wiring a house in course of construction. They are taught how to do knob and tube work in such a manner as to produce no fire hazard, how to splice and do the concealed work, how to install switches and fuse blocks with the necessary spacing and arrangement, as a part of the regular routine of work. These courses are given to prepare for a mechanic's future rather than to give a complete training within the time spent in school. After completing one term in Electric Wiring, a pupil is by no means trained to take a position as a full-fledged electrician; he is prepared to start at least half-way up the ladder instead of at its bottom.

Each student is required to study the National Electric Code, a book published by a joint committee of the Fire Insurance Companies and Electrical Engineers for fire prevention and safety. This committee has studied incorrect house-wiring as a cause for fires and has compiled laws into one small book which is the final word for all electrical work. Students are required to study these laws and then with them in mind to proceed to do their work. After finishing the required assignment they must use this book of laws to help them in inspecting all the work done by all members of the class.

In the second term of work a decided advancement into the electrical field is made. Students are taught signaling, telegraph and wireless work and rewinding of motors, dynamos, and transformers.

The class consists at present of fifteen students. When the course has had more publicity many boys who have not heretofore entered school will probably enroll for this most practical course.

—H. Weaver.



Manual Training

Manual Training

MANUAL Training provides an experience not obtainable in other school subjects. Pupils are taught the name of every tool and the names of their principal parts, the manipulation of material with ease and economy, and to carry on necessary conversation on craftsmanship in proper technical terms. The art of modeling and turning is acquired; joinery is taught; and lastly, the pupil learns the classification and properties of the common woods.

The Alameda High Manual Training Shop is modern and well equipped. The shop can accommodate twenty students per period of forty-five minutes. The building is well lighted and ventilated. In summer, with the windows open, the shop is a shaded work-house; while in winter the room is kept warm at no cost by the burning of refuse. Fourteen workbenches of hard Wisconsin maple are each fully equipped with useful tools consisting of a rapid acting vise and bench stop, a hammer, mallet, tack, sack, chisel, try square, rule, bench brush, spoke shave, block plane, and jack plane. Tools for general use are located around the shop in their respective places. The machinery, which consists of a band saw, a double arbor combination circular saw, and six lathes, is propelled by an electric-driven motor. These machines are great savers of work and time and are used constantly. The lathe is a tool which every student learns to use with skill.

At first the novice turns out simple pattern exercises, but with practice he becomes experienced and more proficient. He is given a piece of mill lumber and told to square it to certain dimensions. Upon finishing this work, the pupil is allowed to design and make any article which he desires. Usually the first attempts are small articles such as stools, tabourets, and boxes. Soon the craftsmen take up the construction of larger and more elaborate pieces, such as tables, desks, chests, chairs, and many fine specimens of each have been made.

The course in Manual Training is popular, as is evident from the number enrolled in the four periods in which it is taught. Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Phelps, the instructor, for his capability, his genial earnestness, and for his practical results. Taken as a whole, the course is intended to add to general human usefulness as well as to the dividends of a future employer.

—Clyde Lamborn.

Experimenting in Household Chemistry

Household Chemistry

HOUSEHOLD Chemistry is a science necessary in the proper management of our homes, and is therefore of particular interest to women. Its theories deal with the preparation and different ingredients of food and with those necessary implements and utensils with which our homes are supplied.

In the preparation of our food, the chemistry of digestion and nutrition are of far more importance than the satisfaction of taste. The work done in the laboratory and the knowledge gained from research and experiments enable the future house-keeper to prepare food according to a balanced ration which will furnish such sustenance for the body as nature requires. Household Chemistry also teaches the composition of different utensils required about the home, and the knowledge of the effect of acids and cleansing compositions necessary for their proper care.

The principal subjects of study are fuels and their management, food adulterants, balanced ration to secure a just proportion of fats, carbohydrates, and protein, the chemistry of digestion and nutrition, and the effects of food on the system. The pupils notice the action and ingredients of such materials as flour, baking powder, and lye. Knowledge of ventilation, sanitation, and the disposal of waste are important details in every household and these are among the problems which this course endeavors to simplify.

Some of the important experiments which the class perform during the year are the tests of the action of acids and alkalies upon fats, starch and protein, also upon cotton and silk, and upon the materials used in the manufacturing of kitchen utensils, tests of soaps, and tests of the adulterants found in common foodstuffs.

—*Carol Higby.*

During Banking Hours

The High School Savings System

"IS THIS the High School Bank?" asked a business man of Alameda.

"Yes," replied Mr. Evans. "May I inform you of our work ? Just step inside where you can inspect more closely. A student in the Commercial Department is sent to each Grammar school one day a week to collect money deposited, make deposit tags, and make a double entry, one in the depositor's bank book and another in the grammar school's duplicate. Money and tags are then brought here to the High School Bank. The first boy, the one counting the money, is the cashier. The fellow over there by the adding machine is totaling the deposit tags. The tags and money must balance. We have a checking system with the teachers whereby any mistake can be found. When the tags and money balance, entries are made on the day book. From here entries are made on the individual folders kept here in the bank. After these entries are made they are audited by a faculty member. After the business day closes at 1:15, the young lady now using the typewriter makes out a financial statement."

"Well, how do you get by the state banking authorities here?"

"The state law allows school departments to install School Savings Systems by the permission of the Superintendent of Banks. The law defines such school-savings-systems as branches of some specifically appointed savings banks that have agreed to collaborate with the school department. We are affiliated with both the Alameda Savings and the Citizens' Savings Banks. Our collections are turned over every afternoon. Everything is done just as at the main banks. The regular 4% is given and accounts of one dollar and over draw interest. The figuring is done at the beginning of the term when banking is dull and clerks can devote more time to it."

"Does the bank fulfill expectations?"

"I will put the history of the bank before you and let you answer the question. The bank was installed in the spring term of 1914. High School accounts only were handled. The students received the idea of a bank with great enthusiasm and by October about $2500 had been deposited. The depositors elected directors, who elected officers. The finances of the grammar schools were then handled and have proved to be our chief source of collection. High School accounts have diminished through graduation of large depositors and failure of Freshmen to realize the advantage of the bank. At present we have for Alameda Schools 1,825 accounts with a total deposit of $4,855.22, but before the Holidays we will have a total deposit of over $5000.

—Harold Larkin.

Forge and Foundry Work

"IT IS TO A MECHANICAL INSTINCT, WHICH IS FOUND IN MANY MEN, AND NOT TO TRUE PHILOSOPHY THAT ARTS OWE THEIR ORIGIN."

—From Voltaire's "Letters on England."

Vocational Guidance

THREE years ago our school began in a systematic way to study the vocational abilities of students, and to try to plan their courses in school in accordance with this ability.

We believe that it is the duty of all girls as well as boys,—for women now are going out in the world to fill places, for a time at least, almost as much as men,—to search out and to develop whatever God-given talents they may have, so that they may make an honorable position in the world.

Boys and girls, you cannot all be leaders, but if you have an occupation to which you give the best that is in you, you will become a force and a power in the community. Your parents and the state are giving you much in the way of training and education. Much will be expected of you; but how can you live up to your heritage, how can you become a strong force for right in the state, if most of your energy is wasted in the vain effort to do a kind of work which your rival across the street can do much better and more easily because he has a natural aptitude for it?

We advisers feel that we can help students find their lifework; we do not offer you any cut-and-dried program; you must decide your future yourselves. But with our broader horizon, with our opportunity of seeing you day by day and of comparing you with others, with our opportunities for conference with fellow-members of the faculty as to your ability and your character, with our greater opportunity of knowing the demands of the business world, we feel that we can save you perhaps from wasting time in preparation for certain occupations for which you are manifestly unfit, but which appeal to you, simply because some friend has been successful and made money in them.

The vocational committee has recently prepared a letter to send out to employers asking them to send to us whenever they want help of any kind. We hope to place worthy students in positions where they can make good, and where they may have an opportunity to rise as high as their character and their attainments entitle them. But, students, we shall not be able to do much for you unless you possess the fundamental requirements,—health, intelligence, honesty, industry, dependableness, character.

—Emma M. Garretson.

Two Shots

Chapter I

SILENCE hung over the dark room. Even the faithful old clock had stopped as if it were waiting for something unusual to happen. A figure arose slowly from a bed in the corner and stood in a tense attitude as if conscious of the presence of an enemy. Every one knew that H. B. Cord had many enemies.

As if the rising of the man were a signal, a report broke the silence. The man, without uttering a sound, swayed, and with a thud struck the floor, never to move again. The echoes of the report soon died and the room became dark and silent as if it were providing a mantle for the dead.

Chapter II

When John Cord heard the news of the death of his father, he quietly excused himself from his friends and went to his room so that no one might see his grief, for he loved his father more than any one else in the world.

"Father is dead, father is dead," was all that he could think. "Oh, why could it not have been me! Poor old Dad! I shall never see you again. Who could have murdered my father? Oh Dad, I will never rest until I have found your slayer, and then——."

When John's friends went to him in the morning, he was in a heavy sleep, but they could hear him muttering, "Dad—oh, Dad."

John Cord was not a man to mourn over past wrongs without doing something to right them. Within a week he hired the best detectives in the country, and he worked himself, but after five months everyone but John

HAROLD ETTER—
President of Associated Students

"President and friend to truth! of soul sincere.
In action faithful and in honor clear."

—Pope

LILLIAN SUYDAM—
Vice-President of Associated Students

"I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so because I think him so."

—Shakespeare

HAROLD LARKIN
President of Graduating Class

"I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none."

—Shakespeare

GERALDINE TRAPHAGEN
Secretary of the Graduating Class

"She moves a goddess
And she looks a queen."

—Pope

DOROTHY DAVIS
Vice-President of Graduating Class

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy."

—Proverbs

HARRY ETTER—
Treasurer of Graduating Class

"Be merry and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there."

—Shakespeare

CAROLINE BORKMAN—
Editor of Graduating Class

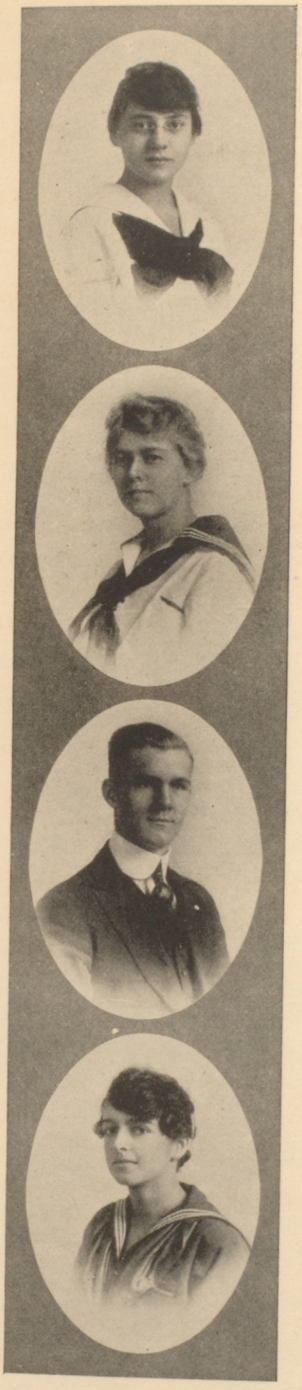
"The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books."

—Longfellow

BEN BENAS

"I never knew so young a body with so old a head."

—Shakespeare



RUTH BENAS

"No, never say nothin' without you're compelled tu.
An' then don't do nothin' thet you can be held tu."

—Lowell

DOROTHY BIRBECK

"Thy voice is a celestial melody."

—Longfellow

THOMAS BIRBECK

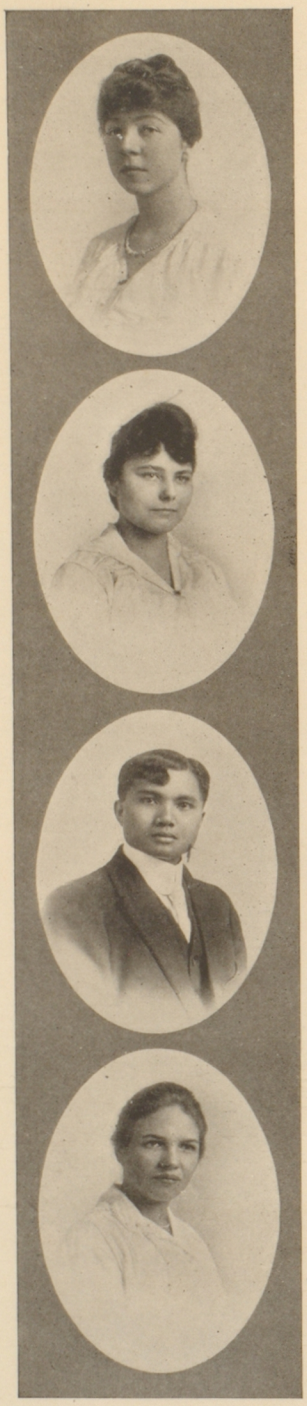
"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"

—Shakespeare

ADELINE BROWN

"Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair."

—Hood



MARGARET CALCUTT

"In framing artists, art hath thus decreed:
To make some good, but others to exceed."

—Shakespeare

VELMA DELAMATER

"She is pretty to walk with,
She is witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think of."

—Sir John Suckling

VALENTINE DELOPENA

"A moral, sensible, and well-bred man."

—Cowper

IRMA DELIUS

"'Tis beauty, truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

—Shakespeare

LORIN FISHER

"Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine."

—*Shakespeare*

BUFORD H. FISHER

"He would not with peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own."

—*Cowper*

RUTH FOX

"How sweet and fair she seems to be."

—*Edmund Allen*

ELIZABETH FUNKE

"Made up of wisdom and of fun,
Medley of all that's dark and clear,
Of all that's foolish and of all that's dear."

—*Praed*

WALLACE GREENLAW

"No wher so bisy a man as he there was,
And yet he seemed bisier than he was."

—Chaucer

MARGUERITE HAHN

"Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek."

—Milton

VIVIENNE HALLOWELL

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

—Proverbs XV

SAM HARDIN

"Of his stature he was of evene length,
And wondrously 'active,' and great of strengthe."

—Chaucer

EMMA KING

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

—Pope

CLYDE LAMBORN

"For of all compositions we thought that the sonnet,
Best repaid all the time you expended upon it.'

—Lowell

FRANCES LEE

"She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness."

—Proverbs

HARRY PITMAN

"Tutor'd in the rudiments of many desperate studies."

—Shakespeare

FRANCES PRESTON

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day."

—Longfellow

ALFRED REA

"Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
Y—lyk a staf, there was no calf y—sene."

—Chaucer

CLARISSE SHELDON

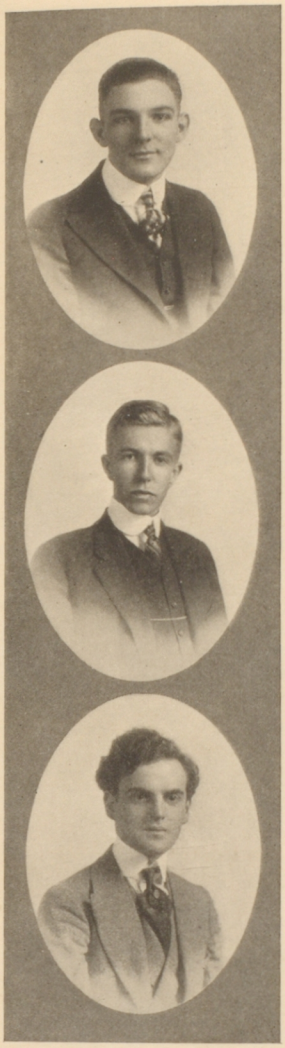
"The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation."

—Shakespeare

PAULINE TURNER

"And she that was not only passing fair,
But was withal discreet and debonair."

—Dryden



FREDERICH WARFORD

"An excellent and a sweet songster,
And would have done rarely in a cage,
With a dish of water and a hempseed."

—B. Jonson

NORMAN WEEDEN

"Square built, hearty and strong,
With an odor of the sea about him."

—Longfellow

HOWARD WEAVER

"And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks."

—Shakespeare

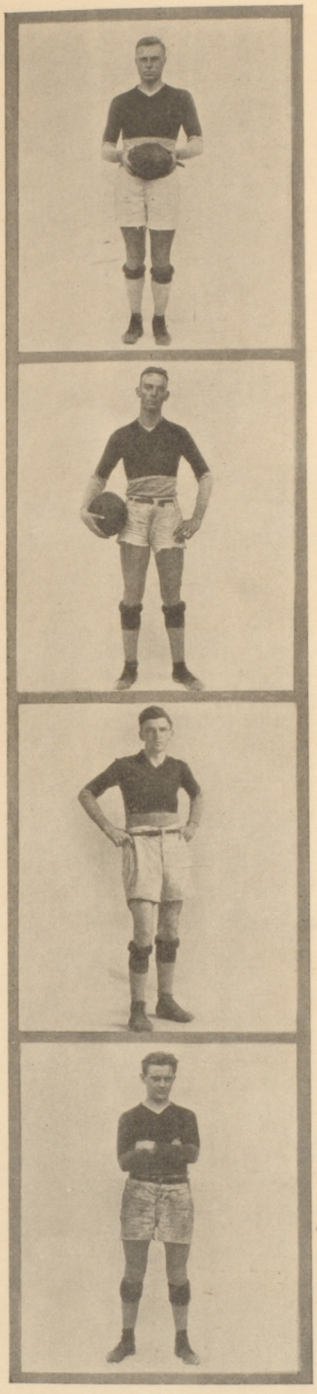
The Student

And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blew!
Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

—Milton.

Alameda-Berkeley Game at Lincoln Park

Snap-Shots by Fred Terry



Football Team

CAPTAIN HAROLD LARKIN

Half-Back '12, '13, '14 and '15 Football Teams.
Captain of 1915 Football Team.
Second base on '13 and '14 Baseball Teams.
Captain 1914 Basket Ball Team.
Member of 1915 All-Northern Rugby Team.
Member of 1915 All-Star High Rugby Team.

SAM HARDIN

Right Breakaway '13, '14 and '15 Football Teams.
All around track man '12, '13, '14 and '15.
Captain of 1914 Track Team.
Member of 1914 and 1915 All-Star High Rugby Teams.

WILLIAM BEAN

Center-Three on 1915 Football Team.
First year at school.
Winner of Tilden Punting Trophy 1915.

ALFRED BEGGS

Sub-Forward on 1915 Football Team.
Guard on 1914 Basket Ball Team.

JOCELYN BATES
Left Wing on '14 and '15 Football Teams.
Member of '14 and '15 Swimming Teams.

HOWARD DICKINSON
Sub-Forward on '14 and '15 Football Teams.
Played in Berkeley, Palo Alto, Stanford Freshman, Cogswell and Lowell games.

ANDREW TOWNSEND
Middle Rank on '14 and '15 Football Teams.
Sub-Back Field man of 1913 Football Team.
Baseball, Swimming and Track man.

HAROLD DEXTER
Right Wing on '14 and '15 Football Teams.
Catcher on '13 and '14 Baseball Teams.
Pitcher and Captain on 1915 Baseball Team.
Member of 1915 All-Star High Rugby Team.

DEAN PERKINS

Second-Five on '12, '13, '14 and '15 Football Teams.
Yell Leader in Spring term 1913.
Track man in '12, '13, '14 and '15.
Captain of 1913 Track Team.
Manager of '14 and '15 Football Teams.

HARRY MOORE

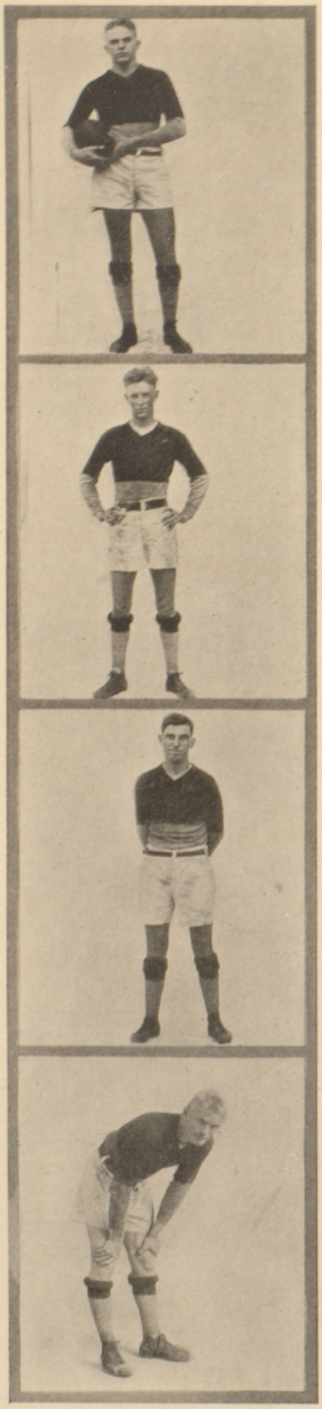
Sub-Forward on 1915 Football Team.
Played in Palo Alto, Stanford Freshman, Cogswell and Lowell games.

CLARK GILL

Full-Back on '14 and '15 Football Teams.
Member of '14 and '15 Swimming Teams.

THOMAS BIRBECK

Left-Breakaway '13, '14 and '15 Football Teams.
Fielder and pitcher on '14 and '15 Baseball Teams.



LESTER BISHOP
Front Rank on 1915 Football Team.
First term in school.

ROLAND VON SCHMIDT
First-Five on '12, '13, '14 and '15 Football Teams.
Captain of 1914 Football Team.
Member of 1914 All-Star High Rugby Team.
Track man '13 and '14.

LESLIE DELAMATER
Middle Rank on 1915 Football Team.
Forward on 1914 Basket Ball Team.
Outfield on '14 and '15 Baseball Teams.

BERT SMITH
Front Rank on '14 and '15 Football Teams.

GEORGE LATHAM
Front Rank on '14 and '15 Football Teams.
Captain-elect of 1916 Football Team.
Captain of 1915 Rowing Crew.

HARRY ETTER
Sub-Back Field man on 1915 Football Team.
Yell Leader Spring 1914 and Fall 1915.

MR. OTTO RITTLER
Director of Athletics 1914 and 1915.
Football, Baseball, Track, Swimming, Basket Ball, Tennis, Gymnastics.

A. H. S.-Lowell, 17-5.
A. H. S.-Cogswell, 22-5.
A. H. S.-Stanford Freshmen, 3-6.
A. H. S.-Palo Alto, 6-8.
A. H. S.-Sacramento, 14-3.
A. H. S.-Oakland, 11-3.
A. H. S.-Berkeley, 3-11.

Basket Ball Teams

had given up the case as one of those unsolved mysteries that excite the curiosity for a while and then are forgotten. Even John probably would have ceased if Grace had not stayed by him and urged him to keep trying.

Who was Grace? She was the person to whom John had transferred all his love since the death of his father. They were engaged to be married, but they refused to marry until the murderer of H. B. Cord had been found.

Chapter III

The only one whom Pedro Bodega cared for was his little daughter, Maria. He loved to watch her play in the street and to smile at her childish joy.

One day he was horrified to see a runaway bearing down on her. The poor child was too terrified to move and would have been run down had it not been for the timely aid of John Cord. He was passing by in hopes to find a clue to his father's death in this strange quarter.

"Amigo! Amigo!" cried the excited and thankful Mexican. "I am your slave. I am dirt under your feet. Madre de Dios! Let me do something to show you I am your servant. Ah, my Maria, my Maria! Amigo, let me do something."

"You can do nothing for me," replied John. "I have all I want except—May be you know something of the murder of H. B. Cord?"

"Ah, senor, I know all. I will tell you; you who have saved the light of my life. Sea V. bendito, para siempre."

"You know? You know? Tell me quick! God! how I have waited!"

"Jack Wilkins, he do it. He kill the Senor Cord for money which he do not find, and he go tonight to hunt again. No more I tell you for I fear as I fear the devil. Adios. I leave you."

Chapter IV

"Don't go, John. You don't have to go. You can have the house surrounded and take him when he comes out," pleaded Grace.

"You don't understand. I must go and wait for him. I must right the wrong against father. You can't understand."

Chapter V

Silence hung over the dark room. The faithful old clock had rusted in its mute waiting for something to happen. A figure arose early from a bed in the corner and stood in a tense attitude as if conscious of the presence of an enemy. As if the opening of the door were a signal a report broke the silence. The figure at the door, without uttering a sound, swayed and with a thud struck the floor, never to move again. The echoes of the report soon died, and the room became dark and silent as if it were providing a mantle for the dead.

—Wallace Edwin Greenlaw.

Yellow, the Color of Gold

"I CAN'T see why they don't give this fellow, Chub Gimball, a chance at fullback once in a while," said Roy Porter, the husky lock of the Cedar Cove Rugby Team. "He has a dandy boot and he can drop-kick better than any one else on the team."

"They say he has a yellow streak," replied his companion, one of the front-rankers of the team, "and you know how the coach is—if he thinks a fellow is yellow, it's all off—there's no use arguing with him on that subject."

The two boys were on their way home from the final football practice of the season. The following day the "big game" would be played with their rival school—Grant Military Academy.

Everything was in readiness. The coach had named the team and all were prepared for the fray. There was no surprise when the line-up was announced, since the team was made up of veterans from the preceding year. However, there had been great rivalry for the position of fullback. Two men had been considered for this place and had been worked their hardest in every practice. The only other man who had tried out was Chub Gimball, the supposed coward of the squad. He was small but well developed and possessed a marked ability for punting and drop-kicking. In spite of this, he had not been considered for the team. Nevertheless, Chub had turned out for practice every afternon, had never complained about the way he was treated, and had always worked hard. This was one of the reasons why they thought he was afraid—he had never even asked for a chance.

The day of the big game arrived. The game was scheduled to begin at ten o'clock, but as early as half-past nine the bleachers were crowded with rooters. Never before had such an event created so much enthusiasm! The whole town was football mad! The gridiron, freshly marked, glistened under the bright sunlight. On the far side, a big red and white banner fluttered briskly in the breeze and beneath it were the Cedar Cove rooters, noisily shouting their school yells and songs. Opposite were the Grant Academy supporters under their blue and white flag; their lusty voices could be heard far and wide as they strove to outyell their opponents.

As soon as the Cedar Cove boys were ready to go on the field, the coach called them together and gave them their last instructions. He charged each man to uphold the honor of his school. He told the forwards to get down on the kicks and the backs to make their passes accurate. "And above all things," he concluded, "fight! Fight as never before!" He then announced that the substitute fullback had been unexpectedly taken ill and

would be unable to be in uniform. This left Chub as the only substitute for the position, but as the regular fullback was a strong, reliable player, little thought was given the matter.

The teams came on the field amid a din of cheers. After passing the ball up and down the gridiron, both teams took their position for the start. Grant had won the toss and had chosen to defend the south goal. Stone kicked off for the military team, and soon the ball was see-sawing up and down the field, first near the Cedar Cove goal and then in rival territory. The teams were evenly matched and fought like hungry wolves for the possession of the ball. The first few minutes of play were marked by brilliant passing rushes by both teams. One of these resulted in a gain of forty yards by the Blue and White backs, only to be stopped on Cedar Cove's five yard line.

The remainder of the first half was featured by the continued fight between the forwards. Only once did the ball get to the backs for another passing rush, and this time with a serious result. Grant received the ball from the scrum in mid-field and succeeded in passing it out to their speedy wing, who dodged his Cedar Cove opponents and tore down the field. All hope was in the Red and White fullback, who was calm and steady. The wing tried his best to dodge him, but was brought to the ground by a beautiful flying tackle. The ball rolled outside as the gun sounded the end of the first half, and the players made for the club house. However, the fullback, who had so gallantly defended his goal, could not get up. A doctor was summoned and he found the player was seriously injured and could not continue the game.

Now came the question of who was to replace the injured man in the Cedar Cove line-up. After much discussion, it was decided that Chub should play fullback, because he was the only one who had received training in that position. This caused much worry among the Cedar Cove supporters as Chub's reputation for having a yellow streak was well known among the fellows.

The game was continued after the ten-minute intermission with as much excitement as before but without the same confidence. The Cedar Cove forwards gradually worked the ball down to the rival thirty-yard line, where they received a free kick. A drop-kick over the goal posts would mean three points and Chub was called upon. He took careful aim and the ball went sailing between the posts as the throng of Red and White rooters yelled at the top of their voices. However, this did not change the opinion regarding Chub in the minds of those who thought him a quitter. It did not take bravery to do a thing of that sort—it was a mere matter of skill.

The game continued, and soon the ball dribbled at the feet of the husky Grant forwards toward the opposite goal. The attempts of the Cedar Cove backs to stop the rush failed and, once again, Chub was called upon. He responded equally well by falling upon the ball and thus checking the advance long enough for the other forwards to get around the ball again. This was truly an act of courage and no one could deny it. Even the coach uttered words of praise for the stocky little fullback.

The Cedar Cove forwards seemed to be weakening under the pressure of their heavier opponents and more than once it looked as though the military boys would surely win. With but two minutes to play, Hover, the star first five of the Academy team, intercepted a pass in the middle of the field and succeeded in passing the opposing backs. At this the Red and White supporters shuddered. He was regarded as the terror of tacklers when he got loose and was almost sure of dodging even the best of the fullbacks. Chub calmly awaited the speeding runner and, at the proper time, made a dive at his opponent. His aim was good, his shoulders striking the runner just above the knees. Chub held on to his legs with all his strength and the runner vainly struggled to get away. Just as his adversary seemed about to fall to the ground, Chub's arms seemed to lose their strength and his grip weakened and the runner tore himself loose. In the stands there arose an angry cry, "I knew he was yellow!" "I told you so!" But the first-five was an instant too late—the Cedar Cove's backs were upon him and he was tackled five yards from the goal-line. As he struck the ground, the ball shot from his hands and rolled across the side-line just as the report of the gun was heard, ending the game.

* * * * * * * * * * *

In the training quarters thirteen grimy members of the Cedar Cove team hastily removed their mud-smeared uniforms. Everywhere in the room there was confusion. Each outstanding feature of the game was thoroughly argued in excited tones. Finally a voice was heard above the din.

"Say, we had a pretty close shave right at the last, didn't we? Chub Gimball almost spoiled our chances. He certainly showed that he had a yellow streak then."

At this instant Roy Porter, the big lock, entered the room. He opened the door just in time to hear the words, "yellow streak." His face turned red with anger.

"Yellow streak—be damned," he shouted, "why, he broke his collar-bone tackling the best five-eighths in the State! He held on to him long enough to save the game! Do you call him yellow? Chub is in the doctor's care now. Believe me, the grittiest man in Cedar Cove team today is Chub Gimball. He's pure gold!"

—*Harold Etter.*

Angel Food

JAMES DANA was one of those unfortunate beings who apparently are born to silver-rimmed spectacles and a lisp. At first sight one imagined his name to be "Algernon," or "Percival," but closer acquaintance failed to justify the mistake. His manner, his appearance, his voice were all blond, but beneath the womanish exterior there lurked suggestions of inner strength, of manliness waiting to assert itself at the psychological moment.

Dana was forty years old and he never had had an adventure. Superhuman stolidity precluded the possibility of his indulging in the ordinary recreations of his sex; therefore, his knowledge of women was almost a minus quantity. He knew, instinctively, no doubt, that his food was more tasty if a feminine hand were concerned in its making, and he did admit her desirability when his wardrobe was in need of repair, but here his experience ended, and so here, naturally, the hand of Fate intervened.

You must admit, considering what I have already told you about Mr. Dana, that it was a clever coup d'etat on Fate's part—the idea of entering into his life in the guise of a girl. She was a sweet, pretty, little thing, altogether in keeping with the large-hearted, middle-class sort of people with whom James would have associated had he had the heart qualification. She was trying, not very successfully, to be a music-teacher—"piano and vocal" the sign in her window proclaimed. She played very well indeed, and sang not quite as well, and her youthful confidence and determination would surely have brought her some measure of success had not the firm from which she was buying her piano taken it from her in lieu of an installment long overdue.

They met in a cafeteria. Now there is nothing in the world so unromantic as a cafeteria, unless one is naturally susceptible or the romance already in bud. The endless clatter of a thousand inch-thick dishes combined with the fortissimo strains of a violin and pianola playing the latest "rag" in assorted keys is not exactly helpful to a sentimental attitude of thought, unless a stinging desire to get away comes under this heading . But, taken all in all, the Palace Cafeteria was better than most. You could have beans, a vegetable, coffee, and hot rolls for eighteen cents, or a genuine "luncheon" for twenty, provided you weren't especially "partial" to warm food and were a good waiter yourself. When Mr. Dana, at about five minutes after twelve, had successfully manipulated his tray through the maelstrom of people, hats, umbrellas, and elbows which obstructed his path, he found to his annoyance that someone was already in possession at his customary table. However, he resolutely sat himself opposite this female and proceeded to season his beans. As he arranged the sugar bowl

so that he could rest his newspaper against it, a peculiar sound reached his ears. Raising his eyes, he saw that the intruder was crying. Two large, shiny tears rolled down-cheek and into her coffee before he was able to speak:

"Er—I—I beg your pardon," he stammered, "but—did you want the sugar?"

"N—No," sobbed the girl, "I want my p—piano!" There was an audible note of vehemence in her tone which seemed to demand immediate satisfaction.

James was naturally rather fussed. Having had no experience with women, the inborn instinct of chivalry still smouldered in his breast, yet he knew well enough that he didn't have her piano and that at that moment he could not possibly provide her with one. From various books and magazines he had long since inferred that women were creatures with whom it was impossible to reason; hence you can imagine the state of his mind upon being suddenly confronted with the problem of producing a piano. He looked vainly at the sugar bowl, recalling in an indefinite way those miraculous stories of childhood wherein it would be necessary merely to touch the bowl, murmur "Little Goat Bleat"—and there on the table would appear a mahogany-cased baby-grand! These musings were broken by a faint snicker from the girl, and looking up, he found her casually wiping her eyes, her mouth curved in the most adorable smile he had ever dreamed possible.

"I suppose you think I'm crazy," she announced. "Well, I'm not. I'm worried. . . . . Don't you dare feel sorry for me! If you do, I'll weep again—and you don't like to see girls cry, I can see that!"

James smiled in uncertainty—the girl actually seemed to have sense.

"I don't care if you're in love with you're wife or have eight children," she continued, "I'm going to talk to you. I'm a music-teacher and I had three pupils. Two of them moved the other day and I haven't enough to pay the installment on my piano, and so now I've lost my money, my piano—and my hopes. . . . . And unless you pay for my lunch, I won't have a dollar left in all the world—and I've no—friends." Her voice broke and before James realized what she was doing, she rose, threw her check in his plate, seized the coat that hung across her chair and made a dash for the door, losing herself in the crowd in the busy street. For a moment he stared stupidly at the empty chair, then he rose, grabbed his hat and the two checks, and rushed after her. As he passed the cashier, he flung the checks and a dollar on the counter and without waiting for the change, hurried on. Once on the sidewalk, he realized the futility of his efforts.

Half an hour later, Mr. Dana tried in vain to resume the work the noon hour had interrupted but he found it impossible to concentrate. After an attempt to dictate to his stenographer, he put away his work, and resting his head on his hand, stared long and silently through the window out on the numberless roofs which baked and blazed in the hot sun. Acting on sudden impulse, he took the telephone book and jotted down the names and addresses of the six largest music stores in the city. He called his stenographer and dictated a letter to each, stating that a young lady whom he knew to be worthy had defaulted in payment of her piano, which had been returned to the stock of the firm from which it was bought, and that if the name and address of the purchaser were furnished him, he would pay all that remained on the purchase price of the piano, and return it to the young lady, to whom it was a means of livelihood. These he signed and despatched by the office boy who returned an hour later with two replies. The first, which stated that an elderly lady, Miss Mehitable Simpson, had defaulted in payment, James destroyed in disgust. The second he opened with nervous fingers. It read:

"Dear Sir:—We returned to our stock for non-payment yesterday morning, a piano sold to Miss Josephine Sutphen, a music-teacher with studio in the Napoleon Apartments. We regret the necessity of taking such action, but were forced to do so on principle. The amount unpaid on the piano is $76.

"Yours truly
"DOUGLAS PIANO CO."

Taking his hat, he informed his stenographer that he would be gone for the rest of the day. When he reached the door, he turned and said calmly:

"By the way, Miss Jones, do you know where the Napoleon Apartments are?"

"Sutter street," came the muffled reply, as she wiggled the gum from beneath her tongue.

Next morning, the large moving-van of the Douglas Piano Company stopped before the Napoleon Apartments and deposited a piano in the parlor of apartment 18, and also a little blue receipt for seventy-six dollars. The bewildered Miss Sutphen almost lost her temper at the stupidity of the piano-movers. They could give her no information, there could be no mistake, they were merely obeying orders. Her astonishment was doubled when the postman arrived, bringing her a letter. She opened it hurriedly and an exclamation of astonishment escaped her. The writer was answering

the advertisement which had appeared in the previous evening's paper and desired to have her son, George, take lessons. In the left-hand corner of the letter, a small clipping was pinned. Almost overwhelmed with amazement and perplexity, she read: "Miss Josephine Sutphen, competent teacher of piano, will take a limted number of pupils. Studio, Napoleon Apts." The afternoon mail brought eight replies, the next morning three more; but her happiness was not complete; her efforts to discover the identity of her benefactor proved unavailing. A week passed, and then another, but still the mystery remained. The "personal" she inserted in the newspaper was unanswered. Her patron evidently desired to remain unknown. Gradually, she came to accept her prosperity as a matter of course; she smiled at the thought of the incident at the cafeteria, and once or twice thought of visiting it again—just for fun.

And then one day, something happened which upset the routine she had established. George, her favorite and most promising pupil, fell down and hurt his ankle, and, rather than give up his lessons, he persuaded his mother to ask Miss Sutphen to come to his home until he could walk again. George's mother met her at the door.

"George is delighted with the arrangement, Miss Sutphen," she said. "He is very fond of you."

After the lesson, when she rose to leave, a picture in a small frame on the piano caught her eye. She flushed slightly.

"Who is this, George?" she asked.

"Don't you know? That's Uncle Jim! He said he was a friend of yours."

"I—I couldn't place him at first," she said. "He is a friend of mine—a very good friend." She opened her bag and took out a quarter and three pennies, then upon her card she wrote one word—"Thanks."

"George," she said, "will you do me a favor? Give this to him when you see him—next."

A week later, when James had successfully manipulated his tray through the maelstrom of people, hats, umbrellas, and elbows which obstructed his path, he found someone else in possession at his customary table. But he was not annoyed, he expected it, and lest she should season his beans with her check, he took it from her as soon as he sat down. They both blushed a little when he failed to remove his hand from hers as soon as platonically usual. Her mouth was curved in that adorable smile he had been dreaming of for a month.

"Did you get beans, too?" he delicately fluted.

—*R. G. Medcraft.*

By Still Waters

IF I were a poet, I should write the song of the windmill. Walt Whitman could have sung it and glorified the strong, resistless arms that do all the Dutchman's toil, grind his grain, crush his pepper and spice, and lift the water from sunken Holland. He would have celebrated the windmill tower that, quaintly capped, serves as a storehouse for Holland's wealth, and which is the true symbol of the nation's usefulness and the most common feature of her landscape. If I were a painter, I should copy endlessly, as the Dutch have done, the picture of the windmill. I say "copy" because that is all the artist has to do with the mills of the Low Country. Mesdag, Hobbema, Ruysdael have drawn it and the whole world has grown to love the simple tower and woven wings that mean life and prosperity to sleepy Holland.

If I were a traveling merchant I should follow that slowest, safest, and most lovable of lazy pursuits, to ride in a "treykschuyt" from one tiny town to another.

A treykschuyt is a freight boat characteristically Dutch. Like the gondola, it is in its design and proportions the outcome of its work and the peculiarity of the narrow winding waterways it traverses. It is very long and narrow, for the boat must be steered with its heavy load of grain or cheese or schnapps through the turnings of village streets. It is very low, for there must be room to pass under the toll bridges in the country and beneath the crossings in the towns. The cabin, divided into two compartments, extends almost the entire length. The flat roof is covered with sand and shell over bitumen, so as to afford a foothold to the workmen when it is necessary to pole the boat around a difficult corner. There are sometimes a little mast and sail which nimbly curtsey to every foot bridge; sometimes a stolid boy to tow the boat through these tideless paths; sometimes a fussy engine which in its speed and insistence seems a little out of character with the deep peace of the landscape.

The traveler, if he wills to see the country intimately and away from the routes vexed by tourists, may bargain to go on a canal boat all over Holland for a penny a mile. He will have in addition to unusual points of view for pictures, a chance to fraternize with a people amusing for their quaint costumes, winning for their simple hospitality, and admirable for their sturdy self-reliance. The owners of these freight boats are filled with curiosity at the sight of any one who cares to ride with their loads of produce over these slow waterways, and who cares to photograph a windmill. But when they find that the traveler admires their neat little country they become childlike in friendliness and insistent in proffers of schnapps and coffee and the long pipe full of black Holland tobacco. They look at the pictures with intelligent curiosity. They tell him of a fine, large mill near Schiedam, of one near Enkhuizen and of another at Katwijk. I had fondly imagined that a windmill was a windmill the world over. But the Dutch windmill has at least thirty varieties. These range from great watermills, sixty feet in height (like that in Golden Gate Park) to the little wheels of home dairies. Furthermore, the mills of Northern Holland and Zeeland differ from the stunted mills of Brabant and Luxembourg. Strange as it may appear, the Holland peasants seem to be able to recognize and locate from a picture any mill in Holland.

The journeying on a treykschuyt is not exhilarating—there is no haste, but must rest. After the doubtful joy of bargaining in a foreign language for the ride, and trying to find where and when the boat will arrive, there

is the pleasure of watching the loading of the boat. Then comes the characteristic sensation of traveling in a Dutch treykschuyt. The boat moves slowly and heavily; but a slight ripple breaks the water reflections. There is no throbbing or jarring, just a calm sense of leisurely motion. There is little sound, for the talk soon lapses into tobacco wreaths, and Holland is a very still country.

Here are advancing slowly on you homely pictures, untouched by time and fresh from the great colorist, nature. The elements of a Dutch landscape are very simple—as simple and as often recurring as the details of a common Dutch interior. A few straight lines made by the bank of a canal and by the hedge of grass or lime trees growing near, the nobly simple lines of the windmill and its arms marked clearly against a dull sky and reflected in the water; these are the essentials to which may be added the toiling bulky peasant, the sleek black-and-white cow and the far-off church spire. And always one finds in these nature pictures that curious property that rural Holland alone shares with some parts of Italy, by virtue of which any scene becomes a fit subject for painting or photography without any very careful selection as to point of view or change in composition or coloring.

These endless combinations of mill and water, spire and farmland are what the treykschuyt loiterer learns to love. Here is Pommerend, the paradise of the dairy country, with waving fields of alfalfa, between the rows of lime and willow trees that mark the canals. Here are Delft with narrow streets of blue tile down which the wooden sabots of the children clatter, and Rijswijk, whose tower can be seen throughout Western Holland. Here is Leyden, whose universities are more numerous than churches in an Italian town; here Zaandam, whose gardens of tulips and begonias are like some unfaded tapestry; here Edam, where the blushing round cheeses thrive; here Monnikendam, the dead city of the Zuyder Zee, whose pinnacled houses show the beauty of centuries gone by; here Alkmaar, where the windmills whirl in battalions and file down the landscape like the arches in the Roman Campagna.

Here in Holland, however, the traveler will find no pathos of a degenerate people mocked by a splendid landscape that had witnessed old deeds of glory. There are only thrift and cheer, health and cleanliness, busy towns full of schools, priceless pictures, and crowded markets; and in the country there are long waterways, where the laden treykschuyt slowly moves and where the windmills turn.

—Arthur F. Agard.

El Capitan

GOD, one day, looked down upon the earth
And found it cluttered with the huts of men;
No spot too sacred for their marring hands,
They felled the forest and despoiled the glen
Of all its virgin beauty and profaned
The silence of the snows. And so He mused
A while upon the earth and men, and thought,
"To carve in stone My image for the world—
For miracles the ancient sages sought,
But this were more than writing on the wall."
And then He called the power of the wind,
The lightning's force. The elements at His word
Came forth from where they lay the stars behind
And struck the earth, and made in it a gash
With walls of solid rock, and in the rock
They carved a face sublime, stern featured, grave.
And this alone no man shall dare to mock.

—*Janet Brown.*

Philippine Legends

A GREAT number of interesting myths and legends are in circulation in the Philippines. These are believed to be true by the more ignorant classes, but are told for entertainment by the educated. Some of these tales have been handed down orally for many generations, but others are of recent origin.

THE ORIGIN OF GOLD MINES

The Igorots have several myths connected with the origin of the gold mines of the Philippines. One of these myths runs as follows:

Once upon a time an Igorot from the village of Suyuk was walking along the road. Suddenly a crow alighted in front of him, gave him a look that seemed full of meaning, and then flew away. This filled the man's mind with alarm and he dared not proceed, for he believed that the crow was a messenger from the gods. He decided to hold a *kangaw* (feast) and sacrifice a pig to appease the gods. The day of the feast came. A number of the guests attempted to catch the pig. As the chase was in progress, a very old man suddenly appeared. He seemed very weak and sat down upon a mortar to rest. One of the men who were chasing the pig accidentally bumped against the mortar and knocked the old man down. All rushed to assist him to arise, but he declined their aid and said, "Leave me as I am. Cover me with a cauldron. Remove the cauldron on the third day of the feast, and a tree will be found growing under it. Gather the fruits only, and you will be happy." The people did as the old man requested.

On the third day the cauldron was raised and there was no sign of the old man, but a wonderful gold tree was seen growing rapidly from the spot where he had lain. Before the people could recover from their surprise, the tree had grown to a height of several feet. Golden fruit hung from its branches. The people became wildly excited. They forgot the old man's instructions that they should take the fruit only, and a struggle followed to obtain fruit, leaves and branches. They even began to dig to get the roots. All this time the tree was growing and soon attained a great height. When the roots were all bared, the tree fell with a crash that made all the people unconscious. When they had recovered consciousness, they looked in vain for the tree. But every trace had disappeared. As they were searching the ground for the golden treasure, they heard a voice say, "You disobeyed me; so the gods will punish you. You want gold. Then work, dig for it."

The Igorots believe that the gold mines of Suyuk came from the roots of the tree, those in other parts of Mountain Province from the trunk and branches, and those on other islands from the leaves and fruit, which were thrown to great distances when the tree fell.

THE ECLIPSE

This eclipse myth is told by Tagalog peasants. The Sun and the Moon are brothers and were once joint rulers of the universe. Because of their different natures, they had frequent quarrels. Their father, Bathala, the omnipotent sovereign, in order to prevent this discord, divided the universe into the kingdom of Day, which was given to the Sun, and the kingdom of Night, which was given to the Moon. The earth lay on the boundary between the two kingdoms and was a constant source of dispute between the Sun and the Moon. So Bathala gave the Sun control of the earth for twelve hours and the Moon for twelve. Thus the day was divided into twelve hours of light and twelve of darkness. While the Sun ruled, the heat was very intense and was felt even in the kingdom of Night. But during the Moon's rule the people on the earth suffered from extreme cold.

The Moon devised the plan of putting out one of the Sun's eyes in order to lessen the heat that annoyed him. So he stole into the kingdom of Day and, when the Sun was sleeping, pierced his eye with the point of a sword. The Sun then ran after the Moon and caught him by the leg. The Moon pulled his leg loose and escaped, but his leg was broken in the struggle. Thus the heat of the Sun was moderated by the loss of his eye, and the cold of the Moon by his lameness.

Still another time did the Sun and Moon fall into bitter dispute. This time Bathala sent the fierce beast Laho to eat up the two brothers. Laho tried repeatedly to do so, but never to the present day has he succeeded. He has often seized the Sun and Moon in his mouth, but they have always escaped. Laho's attempts to eat the two brothers cause the eclipse of the Sun and Moon.

THE ERUPTION OF TAAL VOLCANO

Taal Volcano is on a small island in the center of a lake about thirty miles from Manilla. In 1911 the eruption of this volcano caused great loss of life. The people living in this neighborhood had for generations believed that the volcano was the abode of a rich and powerful magician, who, when displeased, caused an eruption. This magician possessed two golden cows, which went to drink every afternoon from a small lake near the crater. After the eruption of 1911 an interesting legend appeared. It was said that two Americans heard of these golden cows and determined to catch them. Shortly before the eruption they crossed from the mainland to the island, lay in wait for the cows, captured one, and then hastened away with their prize. Very soon the magician learned of his loss. In his wrath he stamped his foot, shook his fist, and uttered fierce and angry words. Whereupon earthquakes shook the country for miles around and an eruption of the volcano followed. The

Americans were so frightened that they freed the golden cow, which returned to its master. But the two Americans were buried in the ashes, which covered the whole island, and were never seen again.

EARTHQUAKES

It is thought by some of the Igorot tribes that the earth is flat and supported by four posts. They believe that black giants and huge animals live under the earth. An earthquake, they say, is caused when these giants or animals rub against the posts that support the earth.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

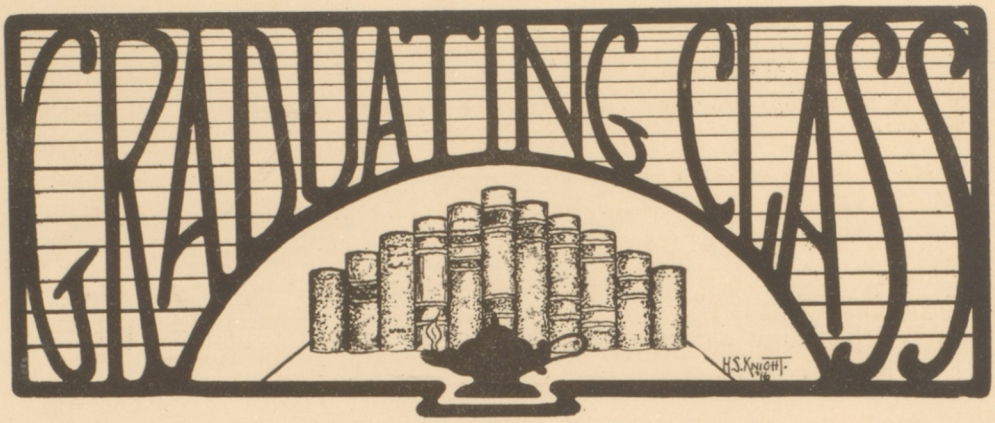
In certain Tagalog provinces the peasants believe that God grinds rice for His food as they themselves do. They believe that thunder is the noise made when God grinds His rice between the stones of His rice mill, and that lightning is the spark caused by rotating the mill very rapidly. When a person is struck by lightning, it is thought that a spark from the mill has fallen from Heaven.

A RIZAL LEGEND

Jose Rizal is the martyr-hero of the Filipinos. He was shot in 1896 by the Spanish authorities, who believed that he was implicated in the rebellion of that year. So great was the popularity of Rizal when he was living that the peasants believed him to be possessed of magical power, by which he could make himself invisible. The story was told that whenever the Spanish soldiers tried to capture Rizal, he would disappear, and his pursuers would always find in his place the trunk of a banana tree.

A remarkable legend grew up about Rizal's death. It was said that when he was standing, waiting to be shot, the lightning flashed and darkness overspread the earth for a few moments. When it became light, the soldiers shot Rizal. The day after the execution, the governor-general ordered that the coffin be opened and search made for a certain paper. To the surprise of all, the coffin was found to contain, not Rizal's body, but the trunk of a banana tree. The people believe that Rizal is still alive in a foreign country, but that he will return to the Philippines some day and restore the golden age.

—Miss Neale.



Class Autobiography

IN January, 1912, one hundred of us children stepped with trembling feet upon the threshold of the Alameda High School. To lead us with the courage of their inexperience we chose the following class presidents in the four terms of our course: H. Larkin, S. Hardin, and H. Etter.

The selection of a class pin was the most urgent reason for electing as officers in the Low Junior term: W. Nash, V. Delamater, C. Lamborn, H. Etter, L. Suydam, S. Hardin, and D. Lum. The Low Juniors chose a conventional design of the acorn for a class emblem, which, in our opinion, made one of the most pleasing pins ever selected.

As the long-sought-for goal of seniority approached, the Low Senior Class created among its members an abundance of interest and made a complete success of school activities. To advance the welfare of the class the following officers were chosen: President, Harold Etter; Geraldine Traphagen, H. Etter, L. Fisher, M. Calcutt, S. Hardin, and V. Delamater. The Senior reception to Freshmen and the farce, "Julius Sees Her," were appreciated by the Freshmen. But the crowning interest of the term was the performance of the Senior play, "Mrs. Dot," given at Adelphian Hall on March 12, 1915. Its financial success has helped to make this issue of the Acorn of December 1915 better than others preceding.

Of the one hundred entrants of the Class of December 1915, eleven have completed their course in less than the usual four years. The remaining thirty-four hereby finishes its chronicle of outward happenings, leaving all unsaid and unhinted the record of the vital things of its real growth and achievement. Suffice it that for us the 1915 means achievement and fullness of promise.

—*Caroline Borkman.*

Girls' Athletics

THE curriculum of the Alameda High School requires that each girl shall have some kind of systematic physical training. This may be taken two periods each week during school hours under Mr. Rittler's instruction. The class exercises consist of Gymnastics, Baseball, Dumb-bells, Wand Drill, Indian Club exercises, Squad Drills, Basket-ball, Relay Races, Dodge and Volley Ball. As an alternative, work in Physical Culture, such as Tennis, Swimming, Rowing and Basket-ball may be taken after school hours under the general supervision of Mr. Rittler with the assistance of the Girls' Athletic Committee, which consists of Miss Hair, Miss Connelly, Miss Venard, Miss Blacow and Miss Tornoe.

Martha Hyde is the captain of the Tennis Team and the girls in each advisory room have elected captains subordinate to her. For practice twice a week the player receives the quarter of a unit of credit necessary for athletics.

The Swimming Team was very active the first half of this semester. On October 14 an inter-class meet was held at Cottage Baths. Ruth Crane won the 25-yard dash, Alice Moran was victorious in the 50-yard and 75-yard races, and in the 220-yard race between Helen Adams and Adeline Brown, the former reached the goal first. The girls from Miss Connelly's and Miss Dyer's room each tied with fifteen points.

A great deal of enthusiasm has been shown this term for Rowing by the girls. Mr. Elbert Vail, the commissioner of playgrounds of Alameda, has been supervising the crews, but has now engaged Mr. Madge, of Lake Merritt fame, to coach. Assisting Mr. Madge is Miss Anita Sheffield of the University of California. Girls, enough to form two crews, are now turning out regularly and are improving rapidly because of the excellent training they are receiving.

The girls, this term more than ever before, have shown a great deal of spirit for Basket Ball. At the beginning of the semester a meeting was held, at which Margaret Fulton was elected captain and Ruth Benas, manager. The girls, numbering over twenty, turn out regularly every Monday and Thursday after school, and with Mr. Rittler as a coach, are becoming expert players. As Basket Ball is practiced in all the schools about the bay, inter-school games are being arranged in addition to the practice games with the grammar schools of the city.

—*Ruth Benas.*

THE PARK PLAYS

Presented by Pupils in the Classes in English Literature,

McKinley Park, October 2nd, 1915.

Air from "Il Re Pastore" ..... Mozart

INTERLUDE, "THE DARK LADY OF THE SONNETS"
BERNARD SHAW

A Sentinel ..... Charles Adams
William Shakespeare ..... Fred Warford
Queen Elizabeth ..... Geraldine Traphagen
The Dark Lady ..... Velma Delamater

Songs from Shakespeare's Plays ..... Miss Claire Higby
"Where the Bee Sucks" ..... Dr. Arne
"Under the Greenwood Tree" ..... Busch
Serenade ..... Gounod

SCENES FROM "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

(1) The Woodland Rehearsal

Quince ..... Harry Etter
Snug ..... Albert Gilliland
Flute ..... Russell Medcraft
Snout ..... Henry Westbrook
Starveling ..... Lester Souther
Bottom ..... Foster Miles
Titania ..... Evelyn Mulvaney

(2) The Play of "Pyramus and Thisbe"

Theseus ..... Sherman Asche
Hippolyta ..... Lillian Suydam
Demetrius ..... Walter Cramer
Helena ..... Edith Corde
Lysander ..... Harold Etter
Hermia ..... Mignon Henrici

Quince, as Prologue; Bottom, as Pyramus; Flute, as Thisbe; Snug, as Lion; Starveling, as Moon; Snout, as Wall.

Pantomime of Sleep (Schumann) ..... Margaret Fulton

The incidental music throughout the program played by E. Brown (flute) and R. Buben (violin).

"SEVEN SISTERS"

Presented by the Class of June '16, Adelphian Hall, October 15th, 1915.
A Domestic Farce, adapted from the Hungarian of Harczegh.

Mrs. Gyurkovics, Widow of an army officer.....Ruth Eubanks
Katinka, the eldest daughter, 24.....Elsie Bishop
Sari, the next sister, aged 22.....Beatrice Braue
Ella, pretty but stupid, aged 20.....Lottie Hamilton
Mici, witty, charming and pretty, aged 18.....Marion Walden
Terka, aged 10.....Virginia Gohn
Liza, aged 8.....Claire Ansel
Klara, aged 6.....Eugenia Clinchard
Janko, a peasant boy, servant to Mrs. G.....Don Thomas
Baron Radviany, a colonel in the army.....Henry Westbrook
Gida, the colonel's nephew, a youth of 22.....Albert Dunn
Horkoy, a wealthy, dashing, young man of 27.....Sherman Asche
Sandorffy, a member of Parliament, aged 30.....Roland Cundall
Toni, a college professor and Mrs. G.'s godson.....Lester Souther

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"A SOUTHERN FESTIVAL"

Presented at Adelphian Hall, November 11th, 1915.
A revival of old songs and tales of plantation days.

Miss Lucy.....Margaret Kollmyer
Philip.....Cyril Roesling
Mammy Chloe.....Geraldine Traphagen
Uncle Rastus.....Melvin MacKerricher
Sonny.....Jack Du Four
Uncle Ben.....Jessyl Jacobs
Herman.....George Smith
Lamentations of Jeremiah.....Gordon Smith
Southern Girls....Hermoine Rohr, Louise Mears, Annette Haskins, Ray Crosby, Virginia Didier.
Cake Walkers.....Margaret Fulton, Richard Spencer, Mary Kramer, Willard Wood, Virginia Younger, Lester Souther.

LECTURES

American Industries ..... Professor Litman
Some Phases of the Drama ..... Professor Traver
Berlin and Munich ..... Professor Hermann
The Crusaders and the Eastern Question ..... Professor Cutler
Forest Preservation ..... Mr. Ellis

PIANO RECITAL

Gavotte ..... D'Albert
Three Etudes (opus 25) ..... Chopin
Si Oiseau J' Etais ..... Henselt
Magic Fire Scene from "Die Walkuere" ..... Wagner
Mr. Douglas Bacon Soule.

MELODRAMA

A Reading of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" with the Accompanying Music by Richard Strauss ..... Miss Berg and Mr. Agard

DEBATE

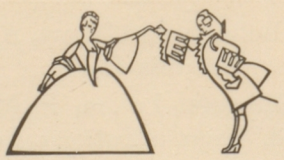
Resolved: That Military Training in High Schools is Beneficial to the Interests of a Community ..... Affirmative, A. Gilliland; Negative, R. Medcraft

CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

"Heilige Nacht," "O Tannenbaum," "Die Lorelei" .....
..... By Combined German Classes in Grammar and High School
"Cantique de Noel" (Adam) ..... French Classes
"Der Bibliotekar" (Scenes) ..... Third Year German Classes
Short German Play by Pupils from Porter School
Songs by Pupils from Lincoln and Haight Schools.

READING

Selections from the Verse of James Whitcomb Riley ..... Judge Flenner



High School Orchestra

Leader: Miss McDermott.

Violins: R. Buben, G. Nordlund, J. Jacobs, R. Lagemann, B. Tomaier, T. Walters, K. MacKenzie.

Flutes: E. Brown, W. Toye.

Cornets: W. Cramer, E. Meinecke, R. Moulthrop.

Trombone: H. Almond.

Piano: F. Daniels, N. Eckley.

Drum: W. Vaughan.

The Administrative Board of the A. H. S.

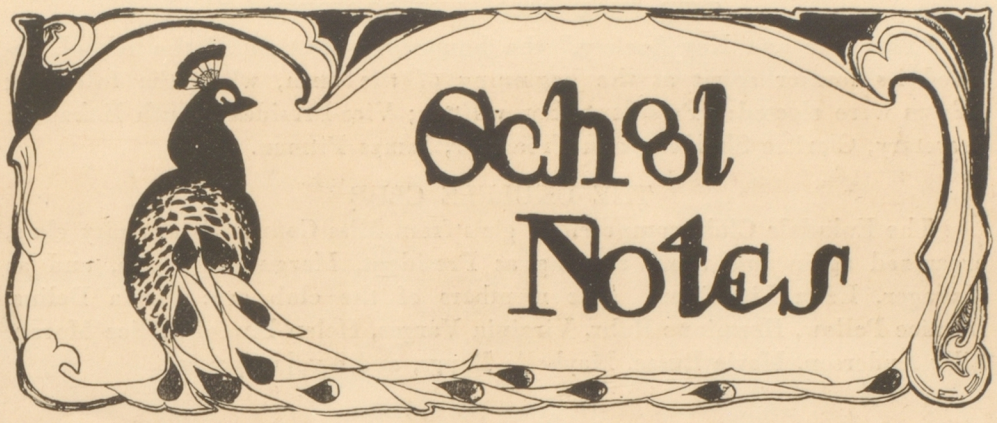
President.....H. P. Etter
Vice President.....Lillian Suydam
Secretary.....H. J. Bates

DELEGATES AT LARGE

Velma Delamater, Geraldine Traphagen, H. Dexter, A. Gilliland, W. Vaughan, C. Shepherd.

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

Margaret Calcutt, Ruth Eubanks, Virginia Younger, Elinor Malic, Alma Lauenstein, Dorothy Deardorf, Eileen Nelson, Annabel Wheaton, S. Hardin, S. Asche, R. Medcraft, I. Edinger, H. Davis, T. Bacon, R. Vaughan, P. Lum.



THE DEBATING CLUB

THE Debating Club has elected A. Gilliland, President; Elizabeth Funke, Vice-President; W. Cramer, Secretary; I. Edinger, Treasurer.

Following the revival of Debating as a school activity comes the added stimulus from the donation of medals by Mr. Jesse Robinson, a graduate of

most proficient students in the Public Speaking course. Training will be given throughout the year by Mr. Smith and plans have been formulated for exercises in Public Speaking, such as general discussion, speeches, orations, and extemporaneous talks, in addition to the similar work which has been for years part of the regular training in all English classes. These exercises cultivate the art of public speaking and prepare for future work in Debating.

About the middle of the spring semester, the twelve pupils who have shown the greatest ability will be chosen for the preliminary contest, and of these there will be not more than eight girls or eight boys. The Debate will be held about a month later. The six best speakers from this preliminary will be chosen for the final contest to be held on "Medal Night" of Commencement Week, with the provision that there shall be not more than four boys or four girls among the six contesting. The student showing the greatest ability will receive the gold medal, and the pupil graded the second highest, the silver medal. No one may receive either prize more than once.

Heretofore the members of our Debating Clubs have been boys, few, but interested and energetic. The girls now come to the front in large numbers to attend the meetings, which are held every Thursday in the advisory period.

Last year Alameda belonged to the State League and won the Debate with Berkeley. The necessity of joining the League is obviated this year because Mr. Robinson's donation has aroused interest and has given us plenty of opportunity for contests within the school. —*E. Funke.*

THE STAR AND KEY SOCIETY

"The Star and Key Society," the honor organization of the school, revived its former spirit at the beginning of the term, when the following officers were elected: President, Harry Etter; Vice-President, Ruth Eubanks; Secretary, Clarisse Sheldon; and Treasurer, James Pitman.

THE UKULELE CLUB

The Eukulele Club, composed of girls from Miss Connelly's advisory class, organized again this term, electing as President, Marguerite Hahn, and as Manager, Edna Littlejohn. The members of the club are: Irma Delius, Bernice Pellow, Hermione Rohr, Virginia Vargas, Helen Daniels, Alice Moran, Lilly Anderson, Marie Busse, Maybelle Bangs, and Vyola Spence.

THE ORCHESTRA

The excellent work done by the Orchestra this semester proves that there is plenty of musical talent in the school, which needs only regular practice together to secure a harmonious result. Rehearsals are held daily at 8 a. m. The Orchestra has played acceptably at various student meetings and football games, at the Senior Play and the "Southern Festival," and probably will assist in the Graduation exercises. With the new instruments and fresh music, purchased from the proceeds of the Orchestra Dansant, the musicians will probably be of greater service and give greater satisfaction. —*Marian Walden.*

SCHOOL DIARY

July 28—"Shades of the prison house begin to close upon the growing boy."—*Wordsworth.*

29—Incarceration begins; very quiet. Tom Birbeck absent.

30—Much gloom; Happy Jack, Jonathan Tibbitts, and other celebrities not yet back.

August 2—Help! Rumors of a revival of military! What have we done to deserve this?

3—First football turnout with all the "vets" in harness.

4—Ah! We have him—worthy successor of Clamdigger—"Jar" Moffatt!

5—Gus Weeden, eminent back-steps orator, delivers his famous reading, "As I Live, a Piece of Junk."

6—Shades of the old book-trusts! Star and Key has a monopoly.

9—Everybody stalls until after vacation. O. U. N. E. A.!

10—Perkins and Hardin fail to show up for football practice, claiming that chimney-sweeping at Dow's is hard training.

11—Minute scrubs pay no attention to Soph proclamation; let's get the ant-paste and "slug the pest."

12—Mr. Agard's Advisory offers reward for return of absent members, alive and kicking.

13—Two weeks vacation! Ooray! A thousand bronze plaques for N. E. A.

LAS VACACIONES—NEMO IN DOMICILIA!

30—Tibbitts shows—much rejoicing.

31—Student Body officers installed at student meeting by Dr. Thompson. "Snookie" appears fussed.

September 1—Nat Neal's Panama given the "once-over."

2—Prof. Litman, of University of Illinois, speaks to the Student Body on "American Industries."

3—A. H. S. swimmers defeat Grammar School team at Cottage Baths by one point. Rally held for football game.

4—Alameda 22, Cogswell 5. Some start.

6—Freshman Reception at Adelphian Hall. Fred Terry gets in as an "electrician."

7—Somebody says the Star and Key is extinct! Harry Etter denies it.

No High Junior Dance! Hits fellows like Hesemeyer kind of hard.

9—Administrative Board meeting at which Sec. Bates threatens to kick Hardin out for not paying dues!

10—"Pot" Maguire has a bad night with "Skib."

11—Football team beats the synagogue (Lowell) at Lincoln Park—17 to 5.

13—Thirteen Alameda boys win silver bar-pins in Tribune Merritt Marathon.

14—Administrative Board elects Walter Dennison, Yell Leader! They must be crazy.

15—Foster Miles creates laughter by appearing in a regular soldier's uniform originally made for Taft!

16—All sign anti-"frat" circular with a clear conscience.

17—Infamous Physics "ex" takes place. Frederick and Lorin pull two 38's.

18—Roly Joe says it was a "tough race, boys!" Stanford Frosh 6, Alameda 3.

Administrative Board meets, electing Harry Etter as Yell Leader.

21—Otto says "eight times around!" No condition in Stanford game.

22—A. H. S. second team 22, Hayward first team 0.

23—Student Meeting—Debating medals offered to school.

24—Girls' committee has great lunch prepared for San Jose boys.

25—Alameda 20, Prune Pickers 5.

27—Edinger likes Choral, but the Powers That Be don't.
28—He packs a gun instead of yodling.
29—Westbrook has a scheme. Look out!
30—Get-Rich-Quick Westbrook starts the "T. O. C." Tibbitts says it means "Take our coin!"

October 1—Student meeting to boost for Palo Alto game and Park Plays at McKinley Park.
2—Alameda 6, Palo Alto 8. Shoot the beagle, boys! Park Plays big success. Chairs returned at 2 a. m.
4—Westbrook makes a "find" in Chemistry—something with a red coat.
5—Hearst-Selig movie man "shoots" the A. H. S. Cadets.
6—First league football game at Lincoln Park. Alameda 11, Oakland 3. Zowie!
7—Snookie exhibits pennant for Advisory buying most student tickets. No claimants!
8—"Bish" appears as Rip Van Winkle.
9—Alameda beats Sacramento at Football, 14 to 3.
11—Larkin blossoms out with tan sole-mates!
12—A. H. S. second team 3, Berkeley seconds 11.
13—Student Meeting. Elsie Bishop and Coach Carlyle tell about Senior Play and Asche tells all about Asche.
14—First "Oak Leaf" appears. Alice Moran is sensation at girls' Swimming Meet.
15—Football Rally. "Jar" Moffatt, a speech. Senior Play with Asche as osculator is entertaining—very.
16—"Lights Out" and violets. A. C. A. L. Finals: Alameda 3, Berkeley 11. Great rooting section, though.
18—Illegal holiday, bank closed. Tom Birbeck repulsed while attempting to osculate the stenographer eighteen times.
19—"Crum" Adams and "Jar" Moffatt wear real soldiers' uniforms! What's the school coming to, anyway?
20—Is Lamborn dreaming or does he see a scantily garbed young lady in the office?
21—It's all wrong, Lena! Merely the "Star Maiden" doing first exercise in gymnastics.
22—Searing and Ryan come home from "Fair Day" in a deep-sea-going hack!
23—Oakland Tech fails to show up at Lincoln Park.
25—"Reckless" loses his hat and overcoat at California Building. It "crawled" away from him.

26—"Buck" Weaver rescues a poor old lady from being run over by a Fadgl jitney at the Fair.

27—Joe von Schmidt comes from the Presidio in a special train to have his picture "took."

28—Edinger nearly murders a burglar!

29—Miss Haworth takes a class to Fair to see the umbrella exhibit.

November 1—Millinery, "but not expressed in fancy, rich not gaudy."

2—S. F. Day. Miss Vivienne cannot get by with the school-girl stuff at the gate, being too big.

3—Carol and Fil get lost on the Zone!

4—Douglas Soule, of Munich and Berkeley, gives a piano recital during advisory period.

5—Ukulele Club girls entertain.

8—Mr. Ellis gives illustrated lecture on "Forest Conservation" during advisory.

9—Millinery, and Pet Show Poster Exhibit, in the office.

11—Debate held during advisory in the Assembly Hall. Gilliland defeats Medcraft by a close margin.

12—Miss Neale's classes spend many happy hours at the Fair.

15—Miss Rosenthal gets married.

16—"A Southern Festival" produced prettily at Adelphian Hall.

17—More hats in the office. "Sooey" thinks she is in Capwell's.

18—Basketball League starts. Carpenter's Room beaten by Minium's.

19—Alameda High Swimmers compete with Stanford Freshmen at the "Farm."

22—Daniels' Room trims the Coans in Basketball Game.

23—Evans' Room defeats the former champions, Agards, by 34 to 15 score.

24—Orchestra gives a classy dansant at Haight School.

25—Mainly turkey—that's all.

26—We recover from the effects.

29—Cross-City Race between Advisories. Otto is very busy.

December 1—Miss Berg and Mr. Agard give "Enoch Arden" with accompanying music by Strauss. All weep.

3—High Senior Vaudeville Show—and they charged 15c.

4—Prof. Travers, of Mills College, talks over our heads.

10—Great German invasion from Grammar Schools; feeble resistance by French of High School; everybody else neutral.

13—"The Acorn."

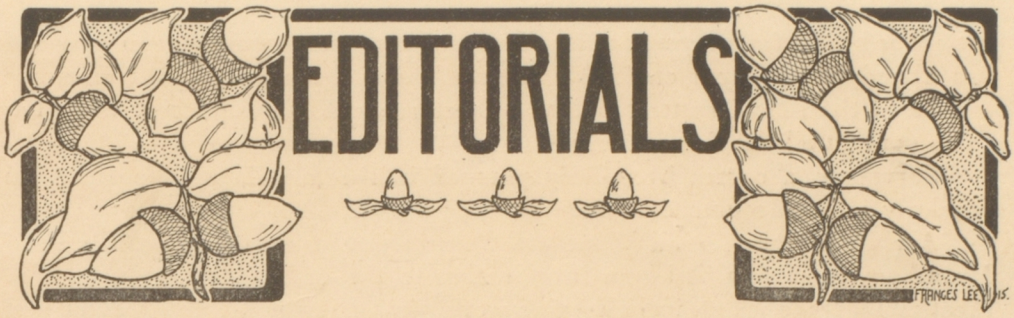
16—Commencement exercises at Methodist Church.

17—"Lights Out." —*Coltman Shepard.*

The Class in Journalism

The Class in Journalism has prepared the *Acorn* and four numbers of the *Oak Leaf* as part of its regular work. The editing and writing for the *Acorn* has been apportioned as equally as possible among the members of the class. C. Shepard, A. Gilliland, Alice Ryan, and P. Holden have served in turn as chief editor of the *Oak Leaf*, and Tom Ryan has served as manager.

—*A. F. Agard.*



School Prospects

THE prospects for expansion of the curriculum in the Alameda High School are especially interesting. Judging from many plans formulated the school work is changing to include the practical as well as the cultural.

In the Domestic Science Department a course in third term cookery will be introduced which will specialize on nutrition and diet for invalids. The pupils will be taught how to handle cafeterias and to cater to large numbers. Equipment for a complete course in laundry will also be installed.

An extension course in Library Work, to further the library students' knowledge in cataloguing and handling a large library, has been planned by Miss Connelly and Mrs. Krauth of the Alameda Public Library. Two or more students who have received instruction in library work this term will be posted at the Alameda Public Library at certain periods each day. Students will be allowed to go back and forth from school to Library and will be checked in the same way as in the school. A special corner in the reference section of the Public Library has been set aside for the books of the various departments.

A Bureau of Local History will be established in connection with the Public Library to further the historical knowledge of our own home town, Alameda. All students will be asked to help to scour the town for memoirs, old newspapers, reminiscences, letters, or other materials relating to times past to be placed in the Alameda Historic Museum.

NEW COURSES

Next term a practical and up-to-date course in Salesmanship is to be taught by one of the teachers of the Commercial Department. Co-operation with large business concerns in Oakland, Alameda, and San Francisco is to be practiced and this course will be based upon the general idea of apprenticeship.

The Art Department hopes to expand by instituting courses in Keramics. Clay Modeling and Pottery Making in which designing, coloring, and firing will be taught.

A Printing Press large enough to be capable of printing our school publications is hoped for. Alameda High knows the secret of making zinc cuts and has already done some creditable work. This press would be of immense service to the school system in that a large amount of manuscript work has to be done in all the departments.

Surveying, a course irregularly pursued in the school, will be taken up regularly with adequate equipment.

A class in Sheet Metal Work will be organized under the supervision of Mr. Chourre. This will be an introduction to the wide field of tinning and sheet metal trade which includes pipe work, tinware manufacture, cornice and ornamental sheet metal work. The course gives the practical application of the principles of intersections and developments learned in Mechanical Drawing.

A course in Shop Mathematics for students planning Mechanical work will be conducted. At present we have only two mathematical courses, the Algebra-Geometry-"Trig" course and the Commercial Arithmetic course. The problems will all be practical applications of the fundamental principles of Mathematics to practical mechanics.

In the English Department an elective course in Bible History and Literature may be established as an elective alternative for Senior English. If the course is given it will be the first of its kind in California.

A course of Practical Dramatics open to all Low and High Seniors will incorporate the present regular course in Drama with the Low Senior Play and School Pageants. The school intends to develop dramatic presentation. The Senior Play will be staged as a part of the regular class work, just as the publications are a part of the work of the Journalism Class. Instead of giving the play at the beginning of the term it will be produced toward the end. The coaching henceforth will be in the hands of the school, which will tend to solve the pecuniary difficulties of the Senior classes. Part of the work in this course will be the writing, construction, and presentation of original short plays and pageants, giving careful attention to the laws of dramatic composition.

—Clyde Lamborn.

School Dramatics

MATTHEW ARNOLD, in his essay, "A History of English Literature," successfully contends that literary criticism is to be valued only as much as the personal opinions of the critics are valued. The drama, besides being one of the highest forms of literary art, is fundamentally a criticism of life, and its value in this sense to the civic, moral, and intellectual life of the people is based upon their willingness to recognize in the drama that authority

for criticism which we expect in the individual. This may seem rather remote in its relation to school dramatics, but as students it is our duty to obtain as much educational value out of all student activities as is possible, and therefore to devote our energies, when producing a play, to one which is instructively interesting in addition to being entertaining.

The Low Senior classes in their selections of plays have in recent years chosen those of the latter type—pleasant, vapid, entertaining trifles which are nevertheless shallow in conception and entirely inappropriate as productions given under the auspices of an institution of learning. When we have the plays of such dramatists as Pinero, Moody, Galsworthy, Jones, Shaw, Barrie, and others to choose from, why do we present some inconsequential attempt written by a nobody and forgotten by everybody a few days after the performance? The writer is sufficiently unconventional to admit that he is not a perfervid admirer of Shakespeare—but how much more pure and lasting enjoyment, as well as educational value, would be received if we would present a Shakespearian play rather than—well, let us say, "The Seven Sisters." This sort of play no doubt has its place, but its place is certainly not in a High School.

At least half the merit of education is the culture attained. For this reason, persistence on our part in giving trifling plays is a reflection on the faculty of our school and on our own power of appreciation. The plays we have produced for the last few terms, with the possible exception of "Barbara Frietchie," have been educationally worthless to both the audience and the participants, a frittering of time, energy, and money, while the acting of the better plays by modern playwrights would be beneficial if it did no more than to acquaint us with what is genuinely worth while.

The purpose in giving the play has always been to raise money for the Senior Class to give a dance and to support the *Acorn*. The *Acorn* is published for the entire student body and is equally enjoyed by both the Lower Classmen and the Seniors. Why, therefore, should the Low Senior Class, any more than any other, give a play for its benefit? In the interests of common sense and fair play, the suggestion is made that a Dramatic Club or Class be formed, the membership of which should consist of all who desire to participate in school dramatics, the activities of the club to be devoted to provide entertainment for any occasion as well as to produce the semi-annual play and the Park Play; the club to be under the general supervision of the English department.

—Russell G. Medcraft.

Expenses

THE editors have heard in the market place many indignant remarks about school expenses. Human nature seems to delight in magnifying the amount of money spent even when the facts are trifling. Said a mother with a happy gift of idealization to one of the teachers, "The lace on Mehitable's petticoat for her graduation cost me $87." The editors have accordingly asked a member of the Graduating Class to make a list of her necessary expenses for the term. The reader will kindly note that gasoline, cornucopias, hot-dogs, lace for underskirt, orchids, and moving picture shows are omitted.

A Low or High Senior taking a Language, History, English, Physics or other Science would spend about 55c a term for books. Here are the figures to prove this. The History Book costs when new $1.65 and about 85c second-hand, and may be resold at 65c, leaving a cost of 20c for two terms. The English Book costs new $1.75, but about $1.00 second-hand; when resold at 75c it costs 25c for one term's use. For two terms the English will probably cost in all 50c. The Latin Book costs $1.50 when new, and 75c when second-hand; if resold for 55c the cost is 20c for two terms. The Physics Book when new costs about $1.55 and second-hand about 80c; when resold at 60c it costs 20c for two terms. Thus for the two terms the books cost $1.10 and for one term 55c.

A real citizen of the school will also have an expense of $1.00 for student dues, which includes the four issues of the "Oak Leaf." There are also expenses for different entertainments, but these are purely voluntary. For this term these are 10c for "Freshmen Reception," 35c for "The Pageant," 50c for "Seven Sisters," 10c for "A Southern Festival," and 10c for "Enoch Arden." This amounts to $1.15. In the near future, the Orchestra Dansant, also voluntary, will cost 25c. This makes the amount for all school entertainments $1.40.

High Seniors will have additional expenses of 50c for the "Acorn" picture. Then, of course, each pupil will buy an "Acorn," which costs 50c.

All these items added make the expense of a regular pupil in an upper class $3.95 for one term.

The Oak Leaf

"NOW, then, where's the first boy?" said Mr. Wackford Squeers. "Please sir, he's cleaning the back parlor window," said one of the boys.

"We go on the practical mode of teaching, Nickelby, the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n-d-e-r, winder, a casement. When a boy knows this out of books, he goes and does it."

A member of the Class in Journalism was reminded of this famous passage in "Nicholas Nickelby" when asked concerning the class work. I will give some of the questions and her answers:

"Is the work practical?"

"Yes, it is. Many of the students who take this course in Journalism intend to make newspaper writing their life work and are able to begin it while in High School. One enthusiastic pupil left our class in the early part of the term to work for the 'Times-Star,' and another has been placed on the apprentice list of the 'Call-Post.' During the first month many theories and rules about leads, paragraph-writing, and the use of simple words in concise sentences are explained. Then, in the intervals of other work, the class edits a newspaper. As Squeers said, 'When a boy gets this out of books, he goes and does it.' The students write and rewrite all the articles, solicit advertisements, attend to the printing and general management, and correct the proofs."

"How is the Staff chosen?"

"The Administrative Board is privileged to elect the Manager of the paper. The Manager remains in office throughout the term in order to simplify business arrangements and because he makes contracts with the advertisers, printers, and subscribers. At the beginning of the term an Editor and Assistant Editor are elected by the Class. The Editor remains in office until an "Oak Leaf" has come from press, when he gives place to the Assistant Editor, who will have charge of the next issue. A new Assistant Editor is elected, who in turn will become Editor. This system permits of many pupils acting in editorial capacity, but increases the difficulty of publishing the paper."

"What material is chosen for publication?"

"School activities and anything that will appeal to all members of the school. Athletics, work of organizations, reports of special events, such as lectures, interesting facts of school history or of early days in Alameda, and personal notes, are the subjects most desired."

"How is the "Oak Leaf" supported?"

"By a strictly limited number of advertisements and a small sum voted by the Administrative Board. Next semester the Manager hopes to get subscriptions from the alumni and from interested citizens of Alameda."

"Do School Journals accomplish anything for the good of the public?"

"Indeed, yes. They furnish practical work for the students. They show the public what a modern High School is accomplishing. They may be the voice of the school. The more any community knows of its schools, the better for it."

—Velma Delamater.

THE MERRY CROCODILE

Said a whimsical old crocodile
Who slithered in sun by the Nile,
"Jokes passed by the censor
Will surely incense her
Whose goodness forbids her to smile."

A PICNIC

One day when spring was almost Gohn, I took my best girl for a picnic. We found a beautiful spot under a large Asche tree. The Westbrook babbled at our feet, and while I read aloud from a history of Queen Elizabeth's time, my best girl thought she would fish. She watched a man down the stream and said, "He Bates his hook with worms." While she was Holden the pole, she had a bite. She pulled like a Bruton the line, and it sailed over a limb of a tree, and wound itself around my neck, and I thought it would Lynch me. I said, "You Knowles than I thought. Next time Spear them." Just then a Dutchman came by who said he would teach her to fish. "Dot he was ex-Burton fishing." After awhile we had lunch, and it was Suydam good I wanted more, but she said she had Morris plenty. Just then I saw a man coming down the hill looking hotter than Helen blazes, and I said, "Great Scott, Mignon comes a crazy man," but as he approached I saw it was an

Englishman, who said he was so ex-Heidt-ed as he had seen a ghost. As it was not the time of year for Jack o'lanterns, I was puzzled. Min looked rather pale, but said she had eaten an apple and swallowed the Corde before yesterday. I hurried her to a doctor, but he said you couldn't Palmer off for a sick girl. She felt dizzy by this time and said, "Pauline on me." Just then we met her three Younger friends, Pattiani and Kate, and as things were not going Merrill-y, I suggested we go to a show, but Min said, "Kolb and Dillman, I've seen many a time and anyway I would rather go to Maurer." Then I said, "Min, Bee mine." But she replied, "We can't Marion your salary and Pa says, no girl of his Sheldon the wedding veil."

WHILE TRANSLATING LATIN

Mr. Daniels—Translate, "Caesar sic dicat unde cur egessi lectum."

Ginger—Caesar sicked de cat on de cur I guess he licked him.

Little bits of rubber, little bits of ink
Make a bad report card look like what you think,
Little bits of humor, little bits of bluff,
Makes our Howard Weaver think he's just the stuff.

HEARD IN THE "ZOO" CLASS

Miss Linderman—Oh, do tell me how to kill this beetle.

Reynolds—Pinch its borax.

Fat Miles—Why doesn't one of you fellows get up and let one of these ladies sit down?

Birbeck—Why don't you get up and let them all sit down?

Alice—During the past month it seems that every function has been a stag party.

Marie—Owing to the scarcity of Doe, perhaps.

"Down in front!" ordered Fat Miles, as he gave his uniform a pull.

Mr. Minium (calling the roll in the chemistry class)—Berlin, Bates, Bean and Asche.

Ryan (awakening)—Who said Boston baked beans and hash?

The Co-ed—I don't see how you can read Chaucer so readily. The spelling is so queer.

Mr. Agard—I have had much experience while examining Senior papers.

THE RUBAIYAT OF A. H. S.

(With apologies to Omar and Mr. Fitzgerald)

WAKE! For the Sun now rises in the Sky—
The Bacon's in the Pot so ope thine Eye,
Forsake thy Bed, and don thy Gingham Duds,
And with Belov'd Tomes to Lessons Hie!

And first with Dimples Rare and Husky Thigh
Bud Larkin comes to tell to us the Why
And How of Chemistry—poor lad's in Love
And would with Bul-Bul Wings to Damsel fly.

And next to Grace the Student-Roll is Ruth—
That Human Mass of Ones—she is; Forsooth
A Moon midst Planets cold, she makes us All
Wax Envious (if Lips should Speak the Truth).

And then comes Dennison with Many a Book,
Like Cassius—he has Lean and Hungry Look—
'Tis Well that Such a Lank should go with "Hank,"
For They'd inspire the Skill of Any Cook.

And now Through gath'ring Mists comes One whose Head
Is filled Inside with Sense—Outside it's Red—
Al Gilliland's the Bryan of our School—
His Eloquence and Smile would raise the Dead.

And Now comes One whose Genius we have Seen
As "Mici" she was for Sure a Little Queen,
Her Future is in Movies so she Says;
But shame, Sweet Lass, to Hide behind a Screen!

And then we Pass from Fragrant Winds to Gloom,
Blinding ourselves to Sky and Lotus-Bloom
And With soft Sighs and Usual Plaints of Youth—
Resign ourselves to Terrors of School Room.

—Russell G. Medcraft.

Virginia Gohn—Don't be down-hearted; there are so many other nice girls.
Heinie Westbrook—I know; but I have spent all my money on you.

A VERBAL GURGLE

IN THE swailful swirl of the soughful wind, as the gust goes glooring by, I sit by the bole of a baneful borch, with a moan and a soulful sigh. The millowing mists of the eye are low, and the frog in the dankful marsh chirps chirpingly sad in the ghoulsome gloom in a swivering voice and harsh:

"Oh, where is the swing of the swoonful swish,
And the voice of the flam-flam fowl?
Methinks it moans from the murky mould,
And the home of the hootful owl."

The feeble song of the sportsome frog comes solemnwise soughing slow, and again I hear by the bournful birch the wail of his wimpled woe:

"Oh, where is the swing of the swoonful swish,
From the land of the springful sprole?
Must the blue mists blur on the drinkful drale,
And freight with their frought my soul?"

"LET US ALL JOIN HEARTILY"

Cramer, on a Sunday evening call, has just finished singing "Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid?" but Miss Bruton remains preoccupied. She perceptibly brightens when he says, "Now, I'm going to sing something just for you."

"Oh, what is it? 'I Need Thee Every Hour'?"

"Oh, no," he replies, " 'Abide With Me'."

"Oh, yes," she flutes, " 'Lead Thou Me On'."

HEARTILY ENDORSED

Lester Souther, on being asked by Ed. Horwinski to endorse his first check, wrote: "I heartily endorse this check."

Eyes of black, of brown, of blue,
Oh, I've suffered long for you;
Eyes of blue, of brown, of black,
Eyes, with hooks all down the back.

Charles Adams—The band played "A Perfect Day" at the ball park.
Hack Dexter—Any particular reason?
Charles Adams—Yes, our team won.

Margaret—Why were you so long at the photographer's?
Geraldine—Merely awaiting developments.

P. P. I. E. IN ALAMEDA

Elizabeth, the living doll—Annabell Wheaton.
Battle of Gettysburg—Generals Souther and Cramer.
Irish Village—Alice and Tom Ryan.
Incubator Babies—Francis Graves and Dorothy Baird.
German Village—Alma Lauenstein.
Race for Life—Tiny Bates, M. Linderman, and that "Dodge."
Madame Ellis, Mind Reader—Mrs. Hallett.
Hula Hula Girls—Ukulele Club.
Bowls of Joy—Foster Miles.
Safety Racer—Green Dragon, Sally Robbins; Red Devil, Albert Gilliland.
Creation—Y. M. C. A. delegates.
Captain—With an almost human brain—Fred Warford.
"Old Faithfuls"—Phil Holden and Carol Higby.
Jesters' Palace—Don Thomas and Oliver Searing.
Merry-Go-'round—"Weenie" Williamson.
Toyland—The Freshmen.
Bohemian Glass—R. Buben.

Thelma—I'll be down in just a moment, Harry.

Harry Etter—Then I'll have time to run around to the barber's and get a hair-cut.

C. Lamborn—I'm the man that will keep you from sinking when you go swimming.

Claire Ansel—Some buoy, eh?

NOW ELSIE!

Elsie—Heinie, your answer in History reminded me of Quebec.

Heinie—Why?

Elsie—Oh, because it was founded on a tall bluff.

Gill—Did he strike you favorably?

A. Ward—Well, not exactly favorably, but quite accurately.

Horoscope of Class of December, 1915

As Captain rang 35 bells, Madam Ellis rapidly mentioned the Aspect, Hobby and Besetting Sin of Who's Who in The Senior Class.

Ben Benas	Short but solid	Solving hard problems	Talking too fast
Sister Benas	Good natured	Laughing at others' misfortunes	Pieing type
Dotty Birbeck	Blond	Helping Tom select flowers for?	Singing in the choir
Tom Birbeck	Nifty	Going to the Hippodrome	Blowing
Kewpie Borkman	Dignified	Hawaiian Building	Flirting?
Ad Brown	Dark	Canoeing at Rio Nido	Open-air dancing
Margie Calcutt	Swell	Managing	Admiring actors
Dot Davis	Svelte	Driving machine	Dreaming of the future
Vel Delamater	Smiling	Dramatics	Looking for Ernie
Polly Delius	Innocent	Reading French	Knowing history
Phil Delopena	American	Giving speeches	Economics
Snooky Etter	Genial	Sherman street	Exposition dinner for four
Hairy Etter	Jolly	Sunday night calling	Queening
Bu Fisher	Stern	Playing ping-pong	Staying out late
Dink Fisher	Chubby	Calling on Ruth	Not reciting
Ruthe Fox	Modest	Reciting	Her walk
Funkie Funke	Peaches and cream	Studying	Arguing
Greenie Greenlaw	Untroubled	Studying English	Palm Beach neckties
Peggy Hahn	Petite	P. P. I. E.	Girls' Athletics
Viv. Hallowell	Sleepy	Being a reporter	Honor Roll
Gunboat Hardin	Elongated	Lessons?	Profitable management
Zapie King	Light headed	Regularity in class	Hanging around Minnie
Judge Lamborn	Earnest	Rooting for the Oaks	Calling on Piedmont girls
Bud Larkin	Manly	Playing football	Falling for feminines
Little Lee	Small	Riding with Ward	Making furniture
Wop Pitman	Slim	Rooting for the Seals	Matching
France Preston	Girlish	Geometry	Gossiping
Al Rea	Straightforwarl	Lemon pies	English orations
Lady Sheldon	Dainty	Pretty necklaces	Bashfulness
Luey Suydam	Important	Playing jokes	Asking Bill for pictures
Cutie Traphagen	Fragile	Acting	Anti-fat
Biff Turner	Dolled up	Keeping house	Growing stouter
Fweddy Warford	Rough and ready	Hearing himself	Trying to explain
Buck Weaver	Poetic	Spending money	Getting a hair cut
Gus Weeden	Husky	Building boats	Going to church

Class Horoscope---Continued

The audience having paid to go inside, Madam Ellis next gave the Ideals of the Seniors and acted as Vocational Guide.

Ben Benas	Mrs. Hallett	Professor of Mathematics
Ruth Benas	Charlie F.	Court Reporter
Dorothy Birbeck	Mr. Cooper	Suffragette
Thomas Birbeck	Any girl	Minister
Caroline Borkman	Henry Kailemai	Tropical Explorer
Adeline Brown	Alice Lloyd	Expenditure Teacher
Margaret Calcutt	Either Etter	Artist and Decorator
Dorothy Davis	Hard to find	Missionary
Velma Delamater	A Cogswell man	Matron of an Orphan Asylum
Irma Delius	Charlie Chaplin	Director of Vocations
Valentine Delopena	George Washington	Leader of Constabulary Band
Harold Etter	S. P. Ferry	Chauffeur
Harry Etter	Doctor of Medicine	Horse Doctor
Lorin Fisher	Senator	Curate
Buford Fisher	Burbank	Country Farmer
Ruthe Fox	Edith Noyes	Dramatic Reader
Elizabeth Funke	Irish gentleman	Kindergarten Teacher
Wallace Greenlaw	Mrs. Lehnhardt	Candy Kid with a Sticky Front
Marguerite Hahn	Kutie	Specialist on the Ukulele
Vivienne Hallowell	A uniform	Mrs. First-Lieutenant
Sam Hardin	Clig Canfield	Mountaineer
Emma King	Al Rea	Demonstrator
Clyde Lamborn	Ty Cobb	Member of the Oaks
Harold Larkin	Charley Austin	Stanford Football Hero
Frances Lee	Mr. Evans	Architect
Harry Pitman	King Solomon	Matrimony
Frances Preston	Miss Haworth	School Teacher
Alfred Rea	Lucile	Pie Baker
Clarisse Sheldon	"Lucille"	Parisian Modiste
Lillian Suydam	"Bud"	Full-Blown Rose
Geraldine Traphagen	Sara Bernhardt	Ballet Dancing
Pauline Turner	A farmer	Insurance Broker
Frederick Warford	Mr. Bartlett	Tailor's Model
Howard Weaver	Caruso	Choir Master
Norman Weeden	Norse Viking	Old Sea-Salt